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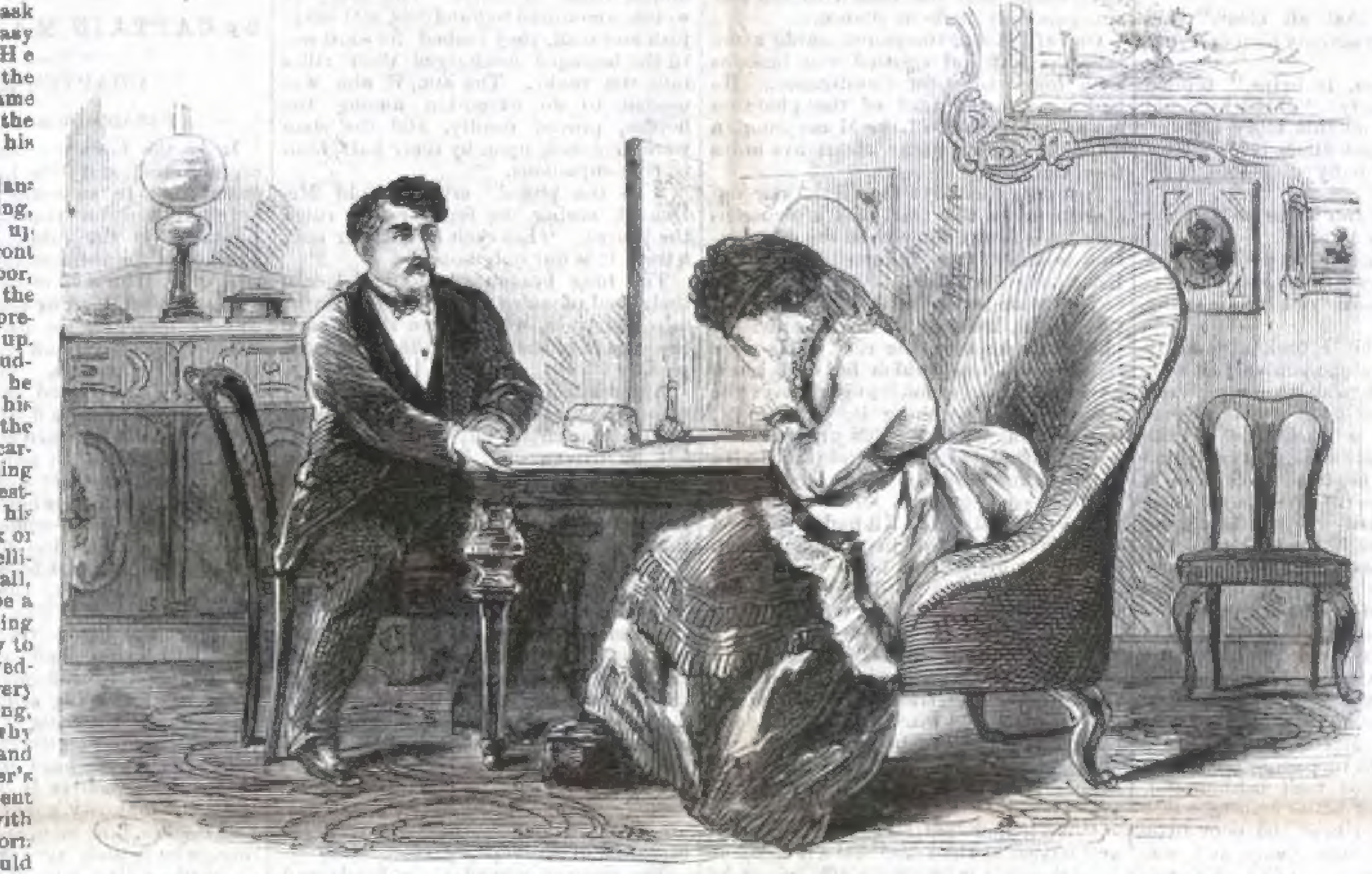

"YOU ARE RIGHT," SAYS MRS. BROWN, BURSTING INTO TEARS. "OH, JOHN, IF I HAD SOME ONE TO TAKE MY PART NOW, SOME ONE TO PROTECT ME, I'D UNMASK HIM—HIM AND HIS VILLAINY."

THE PASSING OF WINTER.

MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

I.

Cometh spring, the poet's dream!
Hark! the dash of scudding rain,
Then a quick flash and a gleam,
And birds' jubilant refrain!

Lo! the buttercup's gold vase—
Soft rains fall and fill it up—
Fuller—to the curved gold edge;
Ho! who drinks an April pledge?

Softly, sunshine, slide and creep
To the warm wood nooks, where sleep
Trailing arbutus—fit vine
To clasp Pallas' brows divine.

II.

Cometh summer! On her way
Heavy-weighted garlands swing;
Scent and sweetness!—one bright day
Nature gives to everything.

Lo! the red heart of a rose:
Doth it shield a worm? God knows!
Bind it, lady, in your hair—
Bud and blossom—both are fair.

Sleep, O summer sunshine, warm,
On a land long racked by storm!
See! on golden acres meet,
Rye and corn and flax and wheat!

III.

Autumn cometh! Through the land
Rings a sound of rush and rout;
Censers flash on every hand—
Fragrant incense floats about.

Gold and scarlet is the wood,
But the sparrow's cherished brood
Make no music in her house—
This is Bacchus' wild carouse.

Slow, O drowsy sunshine, fall
On the brown grapes by the wall
That the maid gleans!—plum and peach;
See her white hands for them reach!

IV.

Winter! Nay, how can we sing
In the bitter winter-time,
When the Northern bugles ring
To the icicle's cold chime?

Song sits in her court, a-cold,
Frozen tear-drops gem her eyes,
While the snow falls, fold on fold,
From the blue black, barren skies.

Pass, O winter! Let the spring,
With her bells of lilies, ring
First thy requiem—then with glee
Song and summer's jubilee!

—*N. Y. Graphic.*

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of the "Winning Hazard," "Tottie's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A WINGED MERCURY.

Martin could get no further than Benchester that night, where he slept. Next morning, he found that Puffin Abbey was seven or eight miles distant, and that the nearest village—which lay, indeed, close to the Abbey gates—was Abbotstoke, there being a small inn there, and accommodation for visitors.

"If it's fishing you're after, though," said the landlord of the inn at Benchester, when answering his inquiries, "you will get none at Abbotstoke. There's no leave to be had, up or down, for miles, and keepers prowling about as thick as flies."

Martin thanked his informant, and said that he was no fisherman; that he only wanted a few days' rest and quiet.

"Then you'll be quiet enough at Abbotstoke," said the landlord. "There's nothing to disturb you there, unless it should be the clash of the mill-wheel, or a stray water-hen now and then darting along the river. Bless you, you'll want to hang yourself before you've been there a week! But perhaps you've got relations there?"

No, he had no relations there.

"Happen you'll be one of the gents, then, as are engaged for the wedding," suggested the landlord. "There's to be all kinds of gay doings, I hear—fireworks, and village sports, and all sorts of games."

"What wedding is that? I don't know anything about it."

"Oh, Mr. Petworth's daughter. The groom came over here last evening to telegraph for things from London. There is a French cook coming down," said the landlord, with a significant glance at his visitor, as much as to say, "Art thou not the man?" Martin, however, was too dignified to take any notice of the suggestion.

After all, was it not for his daughter's wedding that all these preparations were made—that all this stir was taking place. The thought was a proud one. He could put a stop to it all, and he would, unless matters were made right about that legacy, all claims withdrawn, and some handsome acknowledgement offered him for his pains and anxieties.

Martin settled his score, and ordered a fly for Abbotstoke. It was Sunday morning, and he calculated that he should reach the place before church time, and that, by walking into church unobtrusively, and sitting down on one of the back benches, he would be able to see if Mr. Wilford was among the Abbey people. Not that Mr. Westley was ever much of a church-goer, he said to himself, but in the country, people egg one another on to go to church, because, no doubt, the gentlefolks find the day too long without it. Now, if Westley were at church, Martin's task would be easy enough. He would wait at the door till he came out, and slip the letter into his hand.

Thus he planned out the thing, as he walked up and down in front of the inn door, waiting for the fly, which presently drove up. Then of a sudden, just as he was putting his foot upon the step of the carriage, a startling thought suggested itself to his not very quick or brilliant intelligence. After all, would it not be a very foolish thing for him to try to stop this wedding? A very unnatural thing, too; for why should he stand in his daughter's light, and prevent her alliance with a gentleman born and bred? Would it not redound to his future honor, when, retired and living in his own little villa, to be able to talk of his son-in-law, Mr. Wilford, the member for so-and-so, or, perhaps, Governor Wilford, of the Loochoo Islands?

These considerations were almost strong enough to induce him to turn back, order in the fly, and resign his mission, but then Framlingham's last injunctions dwelt strongly in his mind. Was his own thousand-pound legacy in danger? It might be that it really was, and in that case all other considerations must give way. Martin swung himself into the carriage, and bade the coachman drive on.

Martin saw but little of the country; he was thinking over what he should do when he arrived at Abbotstoke. As they came to a little village, which the driver informed him was half way to their destination, where he proposed to give the horse—and incidentally, himself—a little liquid refreshment, they stopped short, before a tavern—a simple country tavern, that bore upon its front a huge signboard, with "Barbauld's Ales" written in mighty letters thereon—a sign-board that seemed to domineer and overtop the whole house. At this tavern, then, Martin alighted, and, making his way into the little sanded parlor, called for gin and hot water.

Martin had, it presently appeared, a hidden purpose in this choice of drinks. For when the slatternly-looking wench, who was the only person apparently awake in the house, brought in the gin and water ready mixed, with a lump of sugar at the bottom and a glass rod in the tumbler doing the duty of a teaspoon, Martin made a gesture of impatience, and desired the girl to bring him some hot water in a jug.

The hot water was brought after some delay, and then Martin, carefully closing the door, produced the letter which had been entrusted to him by Miss Wilford, and held it over the steam that issued from the jug till the adhesive fastening of the envelope was softened. Then he opened the letter without difficulty, and after a good deal of spelling and twisting backwards, mastered its contents.

The effect of the perusal of this letter upon Martin was very great. It opened out to him quite a new vista of the future. He clearly gathered from the letter that in some way or other Mr. Wilford had once more come to have rights over the Wilfordhurst estate; that it would become his, in fact, unless he resigned it to his cousins. That implied that his, Martin's, daughter would in a very short time be mistress of Wilfordhurst, unless he took steps to prevent it.

Now what would be the effect of giving this letter to Mr. Wilford? Martin knew very well the answer he would himself make to an appeal to give up an estate of five thousand a year upon a point of honor. But these people were differently made. Master Westley was a flighty young fellow, who valued money no more than if it grew on the hedges. He might in a spirit of foolish generosity fling away the chances that a happy accident had brought him.

Then there was another point to be considered. Did he know of the good fortune that had befallen him? Probably not; the matter had evidently only been just discovered. Well, then, knowing of it, knowing himself to be once more master of Wilfordhurst, and not a mere ruined spendthrift, would he be content to marry this girl? It was hardly likely that Mr. Wilford would ally himself so much beneath his own rank, unless he had substantial reasons for the course. Petworth was no doubt able to give a good fortune with the girl; but would Westley stick to the bargain when his necessities no longer compelled him? Would he not be likely to break adrift at once from the money-lender, and solve the difficulty as to the Wilfordhurst estates by marrying his old sweetheart Audrey?

These varied considerations were almost too much for poor Martin's brain. He could not see his way at all to any definite course of action. And yet time pressed; the fly was waiting at the door; he must make up his mind at once. In this strait, the most definite point to cling to was his own legacy of a thousand pounds. If he could secure that, no matter from Petworth, Wilford, or Framlingham, the side that made that safe for him should have his undivided support. Under these circumstances it would be manifestly imprudent to see Westley at once and put the letter into his hands. It would be better to have a second interview with Petworth and see what terms he had to offer, and whether he could guarantee the payment of the thousand pounds, and the recognition in due time of his paternal relationship to the future Mrs. Wilford, of Wilfordhurst.

After passing for some miles through the same kind of open rolling country, the scenery changed suddenly. The carriage descended a broken wooded ravine, and the next turn of the road opened out the view of a pleasant river valley.

"Yon's Abbotstoke church," said the driver, a man with a brown, finely-cut face expressive of a kind of acrid good temper, pointing with his whip in the direction of a spire that showed behind a clump of trees; "and that's Puffin Abbey to the right—that big red house with the blue slate roof."

A placid reach of river was visible just beyond the grove that enclosed and surrounded the Abbey; and if you knew where to look for it, you could see a small, pale fragment of the old Abbey tower framed in a knot of deeper verdure.

"It's a nice place, anyhow," said Martin, looking admiringly at the scene before him. "What sort of a character does Mr. Petworth bear about here?"

"Very good un, as far as I know, sir; he pay his way, he do, and that's more than some of 'em can say."

"Very good. And this young gentleman who is going to marry his daughter, is it——"

"Bless you, sir, it's no use asking me about weddings, sir. I don't make no 'count of such goings on."

"Being married yourself, I suppose," said Martin, good-humoredly.

"Married this twenty year, sir; and a daughter growed up, besides twelve of 'em younger. Says my eldest gal to me the other day, "Father," says she, "there's a chap as wants to marry me." "Oh, don't you talk to me about that," says I. "One in a family is enough for that," says I. "You wait till your mother and me's in our graves."

"Do you think she will?" asked Martin.

"I doubt not," said the driver, giving his horse a flick on the shoulder with whip, and then pulling him up short for breaking out of his trot.

"Then you know nothing at all about this young gentleman who is staying at the Abbey?"

"Tell you, sir, I know the old gent by sight, and that's all I know about them; and I dunnow as I should have known him, if I hadn't had a job here last night to drive a lady from the station."

"A lady, eh?" said Martin. "What, one of the family?"

"One of the family she might have been, but if she was, she were a poor relation. Oh, it was a rum start, sir. Genteel-looking party, too. Not so bad looking, as far as I could see through her veil, which was drawed down over her face. Drives up to the door. Servant in blue-and-silver livery. 'Mr. Petworth at home?' 'Don't know; I'll take your name, ma'am.' Takes her name. Comes back. 'Master will be here in a moment.' Master comes to the door as black as thunder. 'Oh, Robert,' says she, 'I'm come here for protection.' 'Oh, nonsense,' says he, 'you can't come here; there's no room for you here.' 'What!' says she, 'you won't leave me to lie by the roadside?' says she. 'Lie where you like,' says he. Well, I begin to feel a bit uneasy at this, through not having got the money for the fly beforehand, for, thinks I, if she'd got money enough to pay for a bed, she'd not talk of lying by the roadside. Well, there was a lot of palaver after that, and she threatened and be bullied; but at last he began to soften a bit, and says he at last, 'Well, there's no room for you here, but you can go and stay at the Abbey Arms,' says he, 'at my expense, for the next few days, till we can fix you somewhere else.' 'And the traveling expenses?' says she. And he pished and pshawed again about that, but in the end he agreed to pay the fly, and the chap in blue-and-silver came to the pub with the money."

"And she's stopping there now, at the village inn, I suppose?"

"Not a doubt of it, sir, I should say."

Martin was a good deal disturbed by the intelligence. It was his wife, Mrs. Brown, no doubt, who had been the visitor at the Abbey. He had no great desire to meet her again so soon; her presence indeed might strengthen his position, but it might also be a considerable embarrassment to him.

They had now come within the precincts of the village. A few scattered cottages, a blacksmith's shed, a staring red-brick cottage, with a huge brass plate bearing the name of the village veterinarian on the door, prepared the traveler for the coming glories of the village street; but just ere you entered it, on a site a little raised above the road, enclosed within a low stone wall, stood the village church and graveyard.

Service had evidently commenced, and had probably been going on for some time, judging from the quiet that reigned outside, and the strains of shrill psalmody that found their way through the open windows of the church. A knot of village idlers had established themselves upon the part of the wall nearest the road, and were cracking nuts and chattering together, bursting every now and then into vacant laughter. The charm of the position seemed to be the contrast of their own freedom with the restraint of the cooped-up souls inside, and the slightly exhilarating sense of peril due to the possibility of the darting out upon them of a justly incensed churchwarden.

"You may put me down here," said Martin, "and I'll walk round the church. You'll be stopping here an hour or two?" he said to the driver, as he paid him his fee.

"Yes, sir; I'm like to give the horse a bit of a rest."

"It is just possible I may go back with you."

"All the better, sir," replied the man. Perhaps it would be all the better, said Martin to himself, if he followed the plain, straightforward path of duty, put Miss Wilford's letter into Mr. Westley's hands, and went quietly home again. That was the course of probity, and it was the course that involved the least trouble.

This last was a potent consideration with Martin, for he loved his ease. But then the thought that the thousand pounds was in jeopardy goaded him on. Martin pushed open the heavy oaken door of the church and went in, coming suddenly into the hush and swing of the service. Quietly as he had made his entrance, a good many heads were turned round at the unaccustomed sound. He dropped upon the nearest bench, and putting his face in his hat, assumed the position of a devout attendant.

CHAPTER XX.

REQUIRING CONSIDERATION.

It was an ancient church, with great round whitewashed columns, and had been larger formerly, for the chancel had been pulled down, or perhaps had tumbled to ruins of its own accord—at all events, the chancel end was blocked up, and the church as it stood was a great wide structure, still many sizes too large for its usual number of worshippers. The Abbey pew was easily discernible, being directly opposite the reading-desk and pulpit, surrounded by green curtains. Its occupants were for the moment invisible; but, as the prayers ended, and the hymn that came before the sermon was sung, everybody stood up, and then the keen, incisive face of the master of the Abbey was to be seen over the top of the pew. Mrs. Petworth, looking careworn and troubled, was to be seen, too, and Olivia, calmly conscious of her overweening superiority in beauty and attire to all the rest of the world about her. But no Mr. Wilford was there.

The sermon came to an end and the congregation dispersed. The ladies from the Abbey drove off in their carriage; Petworth himself remained behind. He had a few words to say to the rector, it seemed, and waited till he had disrobed. Martin loitered about in the churchyard. He thought Petworth had not seen him, and would hardly recognize him in his non-professional costume, but he was mistaken. Petworth had a keen eye that rarely overlooked anything. He had noticed Martin sitting on one of the back benches, and remained behind for the very purpose of giving him an opportunity to speak to him alone.

There was a pleasant way to the Abbey, along the fields at the back of the church, without going through the village street. This pathway Petworth followed, looking neither to the right nor left; but the start he gave when he was accosted by Martin, who had followed and overtaken him, was rather affected than real.

"Can I have a few words with you, sir, as you are going along?"

"Certainly," replied Petworth; "the path is as open to you as to me. Let me see, I know your face. You are Martin?"

"Yes, sir; and I want to talk to you again about my affairs."

"I thought I referred you to my chambers in Westminster. Why do you come down here to plague me? Now look here; if this is an attempt to extort money, I shall deal very summarily with you. I am a magistrate here, perhaps you may know, and I shall give you into custody without any more ado."

"You've no right to say such things," cried Martin, angrily. "I don't want money."

"Then you are a *rara avis*," said Petworth, seeming to recover his good temper all of a sudden. "We shall get on very well together, Martin, if you don't want money. But what do you want, then, my good fellow? Stop! I see it all. You want your wife, that's it. Don't you, now? You've traced her down here, and want to carry her away with you. Do—there's a good fellow—do; I promise you there shall be no interference on the part of the authorities, and I don't mind paying something towards expenses myself. There now."

"It pleases you to be funny, Mr. Petworth; but you know very well I don't want anything of the kind. I've come down here to see the husband, that is to be, of my daughter, and ask him a few questions."

"The husband of your daughter!" repeated Petworth, wheeling round, and looking at him with an expression of profound amazement. "I don't understand you."

"You understood me well enough the other night, when I spoke about my daughter."

"Yes, you said something about a child," said Petworth, "but I know nothing about it."

"That won't do, sir. Your sister, sir, expressly owned to me and assured me that the girl was mine—the girl whom you have adopted."

"A pure romance, my dear fellow; Mrs. Brown is great at them. The girl is no child of hers nor of yours."

"I have only your word for that, and that doesn't go very far."

"Pardon me, you shall have documentary evidence. There," said Petworth, taking out his pocket-book and drawing forth a folded paper, "look at this paper—no, I prefer not letting it go from my hands—read it here."

The document was a declaration, signed by Emmeline Brown, that the child adopted by Mr. Petworth, and formerly in her charge, was not her own daughter, but that of a friend, which she had taken charge of from infancy.

"There," said Petworth; "what do you say to that?"

"That she is fuller of lies than you."

"Agreed," said Petworth, gaily; "but anyhow, this serves the purpose. Any assistance I can give you in tracing your lost child—if there is a lost child—or in reclaiming your erring wife—if you wish to reclaim her—shall be cheerfully given."

"Now look here, Mr. Petworth," said Martin, goaded into passion, "I know your game—your deep, wily game—and I'll spoil it for you. I can do it, and I will. Yes, by——"

"Ah!" said Petworth, a little touched by this; "and pray, what is this wonderful game you say I'm playing?"

"Do you think you deceive me?" went on Martin; "don't I see it all? The poor girl the decoy duck, and the young fool the wild bird that's 'ticed into your net; and then you bag Wilfordhurst for your pains."

"Pooh!" laughed Petworth; "that's all you know about it, eh? Well, my dear Martin, I'm delighted with your company; but time presses. Would you like to come and have some dinner in the servants' hall—you and your wife, eh?"

Martin turned hastily away without reply. Again he had been foiled by Petworth; again he saw all the advantages of his position falling away one by one. He did not believe a word of the declaration Mrs. Brown had signed; he did think that she had told him the truth, when taken unprepared and off her guard, the first night he met her after their long separation. But how could he prove it, and what could he do in the matter? The only course open to him now seemed to be to get hold of Mr. Westley, and put him on his guard against these people. *He* would believe him at all events, and the letter that he carried in his pocket would be a testimony of the reality of the plot that Petworth was carrying out so industriously.

Hunger at last drove Martin to the inn. The innkeeper and his family were just sitting down to a beefsteak-pudding, with an outside crust of enormous thickness, and chunks of meat of doubtful tenderness within.

There was a nice dinner going upstairs, the landlord said; a roast fowl and bit of bacon, with some cauliflower and new potatoes—and a nice free-spoken lady, too, who perhaps would be glad of a little company. Should he ask her if she'd mind a gentleman sitting down with her?

"No," said Martin, gloomily, thinking that a pudding of tough beefsteak was better than fowl and bacon in her company. And he sat down to dinner with the people of the inn.

A heavy mid-day meal of that description is not conducive to deeds of high emprise. Martin felt that, if he were to be hung for it, he must have a glass of grog, a pipe and a nap, before attempting anything further. Tired with his travels, and lulled with the soft air of the country and general quietude of the place, Martin fell into a profound slumber, and slept for some hours. Awaking, hardly knowing where he was, he heard the chinking of harness and the champing of horses, and saw a gorgeous individual in blue-and-silver affably partaking of a "pint" with the landlord.

"And so your people were off in a mighty hurry, James," said one.

"Just like the governor," replied James. "Says he, 'There's a nice breeze this afternoon, and the yacht's lying off Sandy Cove all ready. Come along, good people; let's go a-sailing.' And a-sailing they went, and they ain't a-coming back not before the wedding, I don't think."

"It's well to be them," said the landlord, "as can do just as they fancies."

"Oh, by the way," went on blue-and-silver, "I've got a note in my pocket for you from the governor."

"Ah! what's this about, I wonder?" said the landlord, handling the note all over before opening it. "'Um—'um. Look here, James, here's a bit of fun. Hear what old Sixty-per-cent says: 'Rogers—I pay for Mrs. Brown's board and lodging up to Monday night, but not an hour beyond; and see you get your house clear by Tuesday, as I expect some people coming, and shall want all the rooms you have from that date.' Well, that's something like notice to quit for madam up stairs."

"Yes, and for the old chap who's snoring so comfortably over there. Well, coachman has finished his pint, I see, and he won't like keeping his horses any longer. Perhaps we'll come up by and by, Joe. Ta ta."

"Here, wait a bit, young man," said Martin, making believe to wake up suddenly. "I say, aren't you from the Abbey?"

"Yes; I'm from the Abbey."

"Well, I was thinking of coming over there presently, to speak to your governor."

"There ain't none of them at home now; all gone a-yachting."

"What! Mr. Wilford and all?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilford and all. Everything was packed up in an hour, and off they went."

"And what's the name of your master's yacht?"

"The Sylph, seventy tons; and a rare good un, too. Good day, gents."

"I'll just go and show this bit of a note to Madam, up-stairs, now, before I forget it," said Joe, the landlord, softly to himself. "It's just as well she should know."

Martin listened attentively, and presently heard overhead, the murmur of voices, and soon a woman's tongue raised in loud complaint: "Oh, the rascal; the calumnious villain!"

Martin had opened the door and gone to listen at the bottom of the stairs, and he recognized the voice of Mrs. Brown shrilly going forth. But he was not altogether displeased with the turn affairs had taken. It seemed that he had something in common with the lady up-stairs, and that was the opinion they mutually held of Mr. Petworth. The landlord came down stairs, grinning.

"Will you ask the lady," said Martin, affably, "if she will speak to a gentleman who desires to offer her his services?"

After a little parley, Martin was shown up into the sitting-room—a sunny, pleasant room, looking over the Abbey meadows. Mrs. Brown was reclining in an easy-chair, her handkerchief held to her eyes. She looked up as Martin entered, and gave a smothered shriek.

"What, have you followed me here?" she cried. "What are you going to do to me?"

"I have not followed you, ma'am," said Martin, with some dignity. "My being here is quite accidental, and I wish you no harm, ma'am. On the contrary, I think that, as we both have been hoodwinked by a double-faced villain——"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Your brother, Robert Petworth."

"You are right," said Mrs. Brown, bursting into tears. "Oh, John, if I had some one to take my part now—some one to protect me, I'd unmask him—him and his villainy."

"Well, ma'am, as I was saying when you interrupted me, being hoodwinked by this villain——"

"He has treated me shamefully—shamefully!" again interposed Mrs. Brown. "Shut his door in my face, and refused to let me see my own daughter."

"Then she is your own daughter, after all?" asked Martin. "And what about that paper you signed saying as she wasn't?"

"John," she said, looking up, after a moment's pause. "I was forced into that—frightened into it."

"But which is the truth, woman? Hang it, can't you tell me that? Come, come; for once, give up romancing and making believe, and tell me, plain and plump, the whole truth."

Mrs. Brown had once more taken refuge in her pocket-handkerchief, and did not reply for a few moments. Then she raised her head, with an expression on her face quite different from anything Martin had seen there before.

"Come," she said, in a harsh voice; "you shall know all the truth about the matter, and judge how I've been used. The child is not mine nor yours."

"And all that you told me the other night——"

"Was what I invented on the spur of the moment. You frightened me, and I made up the best story I could. I have never had a child of my own."

"Then what occasion was there to deceive me?"

"Why, if you'd had any head upon your shoulders, you'd have seen it could not be. It's twenty years, and more, since you left me, and Olivia is only eighteen.

"This was the beginning of it, John: When you went away and left me, my old mistress, Mrs. Wilford, wanted me to come back to the Hall, and I went. Well, soon after, there came out a great scandal in the family. Miss Wilford, you know, the only sister then living—sister to the Squire and Mr. Arthur—was a strange, wayward, passionate young woman, not at all happy or contented with her lot. Well, my brother, Robert, was then a good-looking young fellow, and clever enough with women-folk, even then, and he got hold of this girl. I must own, that I helped him a bit, secretly; and the end of it was that they were privately married.

"Well, all this came out, and the rage of the Squire was fearful. He said it was such a disgrace to the family as had never happened before. Nothing would do for him but to hush everything up. He bullied Robert, and bribed him, too; gave him first a check for five hundred pounds, and next almost kicked him down the hall-steps. That was the price for giving her up and going away to London. Well, the poor thing was sent abroad to be confined, and, notwithstanding my being Robert's sister, because they had such a high opinion of my fidelity, and partly because I knew all about it already, I was chosen to go out with her and take care of her. The poor thing had a child—a boy—and she died soon after; but I was kept on to take care of the child, and indeed, they had nurses and everything for it, and spared no expense.

"Well, you know, when you left, the Squire and his wife had no children, and they were both getting on in years, and didn't seem likely to have any. And it was a great trouble to the squire, for he hated his next brother, Arthur, and would have given worlds to keep the estate from coming to him. But, as luck would have it, my lady had a little boy at last, born just after the little dear abroad, and there was great rejoicings about it. But she did not get well after it very fast, and towards the winter, it was determined that she and the child should spend it in Italy. The squire couldn't leave his hunting and his steeple-chasing for long; but he travelled with her, and on the way they came to see my little babe.

"Well, I saw nothing of them till more than a year after that, and then they came through the village in a great bustle, with carriage and six horses and postillions, and the squire came in his hot, impulsive way. Oh, he'd have the young chap home, his nephew; he'd begun to think kindly about him, now his sister was dead; and his nurse should look after it, and I might come on afterwards when I had packed up and settled all the bills. It was all done in a moment, and the little chap went off, crying as if his little heart would break. And indeed, I was sorry to part with him, too.

"I came home directly after that, all expenses paid, and treated very handsomely. But when I wanted to go down to Wilfordhurst to see my little charge, I heard bad news. The poor little fellow had had an attack of croup on the journey, and had died under it, and they had brought him home in his little coffin. I must say, they behaved liberally to me. My lady would not hear of my coming back again to Wilfordhurst; but they bought an annuity for my life, of seventy pounds a year, and presented it to me as a reward for faithful service."

"And that you've got still, eh?" asked Martin. "Not mortgaged or eaten up in any way?"

"Yes, I've got that all clear," said Mrs. Brown; "but seventy pounds a year doesn't go far."

"It helps, ma'am, it helps," replied Martin, complacently. "But why could not you have told me this story before? Does Petworth know about it?"

"He knows the baby died—that's all he knows."

"And when did you write me the lying letter?" asked Martin.

"When poor Miss Wilford—Mrs. Petworth, I should say—when she died."

"And what have you been doing since?"

"Well, after a bit I took a house in Bodley-terrace, the one you've just left, and let part of it off in apartments. Well, I hadn't been there long when my brother brought me a little child to take care of—a poor little thing not two years old; and he asked me to take care of it for him, and I took it. Well, soon after he came to me, and offered me a good bit of money down if I would take the child as my own and call it by my name. And nobody knew me about there, and I had given myself out as a widow who had just lost her husband; so there was nothing strange in the little child who had been at nurse coming home to her mother; so I agreed."

"And what became of that bit of money then?" asked Martin, anxiously.

"Part of it went in paying off debts, for I had got a good deal behindhand, and part in putting better furniture into the house. Well, I kept the poor little thing for two or three years, and was handsomely paid too; and Robert was always hanging about the place wanting to see it, and in the meantime he'd got married—his partner's widow with a good fortune. So at last he came to see me and brought his wife. They'd no children of their own, you see; and she was an engaging little thing, and Mrs. Petworth took a fancy to her, and with that he got her to ask little Olive to come and see them. After that I saw little more of the child, although she was always taught—Mrs. Petworth took care of that, I fancy—that I was her real mother, and she always called me Mam Brown. He's a bad man is Robert, but he doats upon that girl. Yes, he was the father of it, sure enough; and the mother died, poor thing, when it was three months old—a pretty young thing, I'm told, as he deceived. And so he made use of me to blind his poor wife, and so as to get his daughter into his house. And after he'd won his point it was little enough he'd do for me. He's a hard man, but he's good to her; and he'd have been a good father if he'd had children of his own that he could have acknowledged."

"Well, it's a queer story all this," said Martin. "I don't rightly know what to believe; the annuity's there all right, it seems; and the furniture—what have you done with that?"

"That's all safely housed somewhere—where, I don't choose to say."

"And why did you file off in such a hurry?"

"Because I was told you might seize my things and sell them all off, without my being able to stop you."

"Come, I'm not one of that sort, ma'am," said Martin, rather hurt.

"How could I tell that?" replied Mrs. Brown. "You've left me these twenty years and more."

"Which wasn't my fault altogether, ma'am," retorted Martin, in accents not without a certain latent tenderness. "But, apart from that, you was saying just now as your brother had treated you shamefully, and I must needs say that he has not behaved any better to me. Now there's some deep-laid scheme about this marriage; and I think that you and I, if we put our heads together, can ravel it out."

At this moment the landlord ascended the stairs, coughing loudly, and announced that the fly was just about to return empty to Beachester, if either of them were going that way.

"What do you say, ma'am?" asked Martin. "It is no use our staying here; the birds are all flown. Shall we travel together?—we shall be company."

"Oh, if you wish it," said Mrs. Brown. "I'll get ready directly."

Soon after the fly started with its double burden. The evening was chilly, and Mrs. Brown was not well provided with wrappers, and began to shiver and her teeth to chatter. Martin had his thick Spanish cloak, which he gallantly placed about her shoulders.

"But you will be so cold, John," said she; "and this immense cloak, it will go over both of us, will it not?"

Martin thought it would, especially when supplemented by a thick railway-rug over their knees.

"Ah, this is comfortable," sighed Mrs. Brown, when the arrangement had been made. "John," she said, turning suddenly upon him, "you talked of our putting our heads together just now; could not we put our hearts together too, as in the old times?"

"Hum," replied Martin, cautiously, "that requires a little consideration."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SNOW-SHOE AND RIFLE;

OR,

The Trail of the Phantom Moose.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "Renegade Chief," "Sword and Saddle, Etc.

NUMBER II.

THE TRAIL TO MOOSEPRONG DESERTED—ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

Notwithstanding the settled cold weather that kept Saddleback frozen from shore to shore, the young Portland hunters enjoyed themselves. They made traps under Kit's eye, and succeeded in catching a few venturesome marten and one or two beautiful American sable. Their strong hut, plastered with pine boughs, kept the cold wind without, and the wolves that almost nightly howled about the premises, wisely refrained from attacking. The winter gradually passing away, had proved a trying one to the animals of the pine forests. Sustenance was hard to obtain, and the wolf, pressed with hunger, did not hesitate, at times, to attack man. The bear was leaving his hibernacle, gaunt, after his long seclusion from the world, and sought food, even in the broad glare of day.

Nightly, the hunting party sought the hill and watched the rising moon, expecting again to see photographed on her disc the head of the phantom moose.

But they were doomed to disappointment, for no palmated horns greeted their vision, and the return to the hut was generally made in silence.

One afternoon, the gaunt guide came into the hut and startled the inmates with long wished-for intelligence. He had crossed the trail of the phantom moose, which led to Lake Mooseprong, a sheet of frozen water about five miles from the cabin.

Instantly the boys signified their desire to follow the trail, and after securing their forest home from the depredating animals, they followed Snow-Shoe Kit among the pines.

The guide set out with eagerness, and the youths, amused at his long strides, purposely kept in the rear. He wore light snow-shoes, which he well knew how to use, and seemed to glide over the snow, scarcely touching it. Overhead, the sky was covered with gray clouds, which portended snow, and the party had not proceeded far, before large flakes came straggling down.

The elk trail which Kit had discovered was found, and led in a north-westerly direction. The hoofs had beaten the snow into a hard and firm path, which could be followed without difficulty.

The hoof-prints were of startling dimensions, and the guide declared that they formed the trail of the gigantic moose. He went into ecstacies over the path, and made the boys eager to push on to Mooseprong, though the snow was falling fast, and blotting out many of the tracks.

"We'll find 'em at the young pines and bushes at the lake," said Kit, "and to-night we'll taste the muffle of one of the ghosts or hobgoblins."

He always spoke with a smile, and there was a merry twinkle in his eye when these words fell from his lips.

The journey was continued, and the party did not halt until within a short distance of the lake. The snow was still falling, and a north-west wind was blowing great patches of white from the spectral pines. The setting sun, obscured by banks of clouds, afforded but little light, and the wooded ravine in which the party halted, was quite a dismal spot.

Kit Smith left the young hunters in the ravine, and, accompanied by his faithful dog, Tete, walked with caution towards the lake, several hundred rods distant. His knowledge of the senses of the moose prompted him to reconnoitre alone, and as he expected to find the animal at the lake he did not hope to be absent long.

An hour passed over the young hunters in the ravine; but Snow-Shoe Kit did not come. The forest grew dark with long shadows, and the trail of the moose which crossed the ravine was obliterated by the heavy flakes of snow, still falling like white shroudlets.

It was natural that fear should creep into the youthful hearts, for their situation was quite unenviable, and in their dilemma a council was held.

By a majority of one it was decided to wait another hour for Kit, and if he came not at the expiration of the time the homeward tramp was to be inaugurated.

Harold McDonald favored a trip to the lake for the purpose of discovering at once what detained the guide; but he was overruled and forced to acquiesce in the decision of the council.

As the shadows grew denser it was proposed to kindle a fire, and the discovery that the tinder box was in the guide's possession was then made! This discovery was as lamentable as terrible, and the thought of being compelled to pass a night among the pines rushed through the minds of the quartette. It was the opposite of a pleasant thought. Notwithstanding the want of matches, pine boughs were gathered and the jack-knives belonging to the party brought into requisition.

But alas for boyish hopes, the powder-flashes failed to ignite the kindlings in the wind, which was increasing into a gale, and the attempts to kindle a fire were at last given over.

The second hour was waning, when the report of a distant gun reached the glen or, more appropriately, ravine. Hope lit up the young eyes for several minutes, and Quaddy was set to barking, in hopes of receiving a reply from Tete. But the guide's dog did not answer his companion's cry, and the wind sang on through the aisles of the wood.

"I will stay here no longer," cried Harold, at last, with determination. "I will not say that Kit has left us to our fate, but I do declare that his desertion is wholly uncalled for. I marked our course thither, and if you will rely on me, I will guide you to the door of Snow-bank House."

A brief silence followed the boy's words, which had fallen with some weight upon the hearts of his comrades.

"I cannot harbor the thought of deserting Kit," said Walter Duval.

"I think he has deserted us," said Harold. "He might have taken us with him. Such lessons will not teach us how to hunt the moose."

"To the hut!" said Luther Knight, who had not taken a very prominent part in the council mentioned above.

A vote was then taken, and as young Duval was the only one who voted to remain awhile longer in the ravine, preparations for the homeward journey were made. Snow-shoes were cleaned and tightened on the wearers' feet, and the priming of the rifles carefully looked to.

The homeward journey promised to be auspicious, for the snow had ceased to fall, and the clouds were breaking in every direction. When everything was ready, the young Nimrods left the ravine and gained the forest above.

"Listen!"

Every snow-shoe stopped in the snow, and silence reigned.

"It is between us and Snow-bank," said Mark Boldly.

"What?" asked his comrades in one breath.

"Don't you hear it? Come to my side; the wind doesn't cut so here. There!"

The faces of the belated youths suddenly grew pale.

The blast was bringing to their ears the portentous cry of the hungry wolf.

"They are between us and home," said Harold.

"And they are coming nearer! Shall we retreat to the ravine?"

"No; a stand there would operate against us. It is lighter here, and this is the spot to encounter them on, if we must fight the lupine marauders."

The peculiar cry of the distant animals told the youths that they were on a trail which might prove their own. This belief gained strength as the cries increased in distinctness, and at length the gleaming eyes of the nocturnal hordes came in sight. The army of wolves amounted to hundreds, and snappish and mad, they rushed forward until the besieged discharged their rifles into the ranks. The aim, if aim was needed to do execution among the hordes, proved deadly, and the slain were pounced upon by their half famished companions.

"To the pines!" cried Harold McDonald, seeing the ferocity that ruled the brutes. "Let each Portlander seek a tree! It is our only hope!"

The long branches bending beneath their load of snow assisted the youths into the trees, which were surrounded the next moment by the infuriated pack.

Again and again the rifles of the party were discharged among the dark mass with telling effect, but the wolves could not be driven off. The glare of their eyeballs was enough to keep the boys in the trees, and in the flashes of the guns they saw the terrible teeth and lolling tongues.

The wind increased in intensity, and the night under its influence grew colder. The pines swayed to and fro, deluging the youths with snow from the higher branches and threatening to hurl them from their perches into the midst of their foes at the foot of the trees.

For several hours the siege progressed and the quartette, benumbed with cold and scarcely able to cling to their perches longer, were on the brink of despair, when Mark Boldly's gun was answered by a chorus of yells from the direction of Mooseprong.

The wolves turned their heads and listened. The boys answered the cries with shouts and shoutings which frightened the animals, and all at once a line of fire leaped over the bank of the ravine.

A number of wolves fell dead, and the survivors instantly took to their heels and fled towards the north.

"Saved! hurrah!" shouted Luther Knight, almost falling to the ground in the excess of his joy, and his comrades took up the shout of freedom.

The saving party consisted of ten stalwart Androscoggin Indians, two of whom were assisting a white man along. They called him the Long Hunter, and said that they found him vanquished by an elk on the frozen shore of Mooseprong. In the person of the unfortunate white the boy-hunters recognized Snow-shoe Kit, and great was their joy to find him alive. He was badly bruised, but no bones were broken, and the safety of his young *proteges* enabled him to walk without assistance.

After a brief halt on the battle-ground the entire party set out for the hut on Saddleback. The journey was not interrupted though the wolves often ventured within sight, and made the night hideous with their cries; and at last Snow-Bank House (as the boys called the cabin) was reached, and the Indians richly rewarded for their opportune service.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR WORKMEN.

Our American workman excels in all occupations requiring a combination of readiness and intelligence. The peculiarities of his mixed genealogy are the foundation of his industrial success. He unites much of the Teuton steadiness and intelligence, with something of the Celtic fire, avoiding the stolidity of the one, and the nervous irritability of the other. That intermingling of the Saxon in his frame, gives him a sufficiency of bulk physically, with mental sturdiness and perseverance. If he lacks the dash and inherent tastefulness of the Frenchman, he is not overcome by difficult problems, and has no inclination towards that sensuous laziness which is the great drawback in Italian workmen.

The monotonous influences of automatic machine work, which every day is coming more into play, may make the American workman less the general hand worker in his business, yet it still develops immense superiority in special branches.

General science has not deteriorated a whit, since men have made specialties of certain branches. Precisely in the same way, the mechanical art has lost nothing. In every profession there may be found men who are machines, incapable of performing more than one function. Such men, then, are neither advanced nor deteriorated, as to their status, by automatic tools. To the more intelligent of American mechanics, such self-acting machinery is no drawback. Sitting over their work, they do not repine, but their active brains keep working, and where the European is satisfied, they are still on the lookout for something beyond. New devices, simpler arrangement, a shorter way to do something better, occupies their attention. Their inventive faculties are never at a stand-still, and not a day passes by, but, thanks to the teeming brain of American workmen, if the hand-cunning is not in such eager demand, his thoughtfulness, his genius, not only brings him his reward, but enriches the country.

A DEAD MAGDALEN.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"She loved not wisely," women softly said,
As with cold hands and solemn eyes,
They laid dead weights upon the purplish lids
That veiled the mournful hazel eyes.
Then left upon her breast a spotless flower,
A type of what she once had been,
An emblem, too, they hoped, of what she was,
Washed clean of every earthly sin.

"She suffered so!" her mother sadly cries;
A loving plea, whose tender grace
Gave skillful hands the power to lend
Rare beauty to the rigid face.
For women, smiling, spread her dainty shroud
With clusters of bright dewy flowers;
(Her girlhood had been fresh and sweet they knew,
Half-dreamed away 'mid woodland bowers.)

And cruel eyes, whose wordless scorn
Had stricken her with deadly pain,
Now gaze and gaze, till contrite tears
Fall on her face like summer rain.
The stern, proud lips, whose scathing words
Had often seared her weary brain,
Smile, as they kiss the cold white brow,
Whereon doth rest no shameful stain.

Yes! she loved not wisely, this dead Magdalen,
Who sleepeth now with folded hands;
Yes, found, alas! among life's roses many thorns—
Had built her house upon Love's shifting sands.
But "nothing but Jesus," she had cried at last,
"Can give me rest—God's blessed rest!"
And purified of every earthly sin, had laid
Her head upon a tender Saviour's breast.

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

CHAPTER XLI.

PANAMA OR SANTIAGO?

It is the hour for setting the first night-watch, and the bells have been struck, not to summon any sailor, but only intended for the ears of Captain Lantanas in the cabin below, lest the absence of the usual sound should awake suspicion. The men of both watches are on deck, assembled by the manger-board to take measures for carrying out their scheme of piracy and plunder, now on the eve of execution. The general plan is already understood by all; it but remains to settle some final details.

Considering the atrocity of their design, it is painful to see the first mate, Harry Blew, in their midst. Oh, man! Oh, British sailor! where is your gratitude? What has become of your honor—your oath? The first gone, the second disregarded, the last broken!

Soon as together, the pirates enter upon discussion. The first question which comes before them is about the place where they shall land. Upon this point there is difference of opinion. Some are for going ashore at once on that part of the coast in sight. Others counsel running on till they enter Panama Bay. At the head of those in favor of the latter course is the chief mate, while the majority, controlled by Gomez and Padilla, take an opposite view. Gomez, who is their spokesman, argues in favor of landing, soon as they can find a suitable place, and making direct for Santiago, the chief town of Veragua. He gives his reasons, saying:

"It isn't over a good day's journey from the coast. And we can reach it by an easy road. But that's not the thing of greatest importance. What most concerns us is the safety of the place when we get to it, and I can answer for Santiago. Unless customs have changed since I used to trifle away some time, and people, too, we'll find those who'll show us hospitality. With the money at our disposal—ay, a tenth part of it—I could buy up the alcalde of the town, and every judge in the province."

"That is the sort of town for us—and country, too!" exclaim several in a breath.

"We'll first have to put about," explains Gomez, "and run along the coast till we find an opening in the reef."

"Yes," rejoins Harry Blew, speaking satirically, and as if annoyed by the majority going against him, "an' if we put about just now, we'll stand a good chance of goin' slap on them rocks on the port beam. Thar's a line o' white caps along shore, far's I can see. How's a boat to be got through them? She'd be bilged to a sartinty."

"There are breakers," admits Gomez, "but not continuous; I remember there are several openings where a boat, or a ship for that matter, may be safely got through."

"*Vaya, camarados!*" exclaims Padilla, with a gesture of impatience. "We are wasting time, which just now is valuable. Let's have the barque about, and stand along the coast, as Gil Gomez proposes; I second his proposal, but, if you like, let it go to a vote."

"No need; we all agree to it."

"Yes; all of us."

"Well, shipmates," says Harry Blew, seeing himself obliged to give way, and conceding the point with apparent reluctance, "if ye're all in favor o' steerin' up coast, I ain't goin' to stand out against it. It be the same to me one way or t'other. So to Santiago let's go. But if the barque's to be put about, I tell ye there's no time to be lost, otherways we'll go into them white caps, sure, the which would send this craft to Davy Jones sooner than we intended."

"Plenty of sea-room," says the second mate, "if we about with her at once."

"You see to it, Padilla," directs Gomez, who, from his success in having his plan adopted in opposition to that of the first-officer, thinks he may now take command.

The second mate starts aft, and going up to the helmsman, whispers a word or two in his ear. Instantly the helm is put hard up, and the barque paying off, wears round from east to west-nor'-west. The sailors at the same time brace about her yards, and trim her sails for the changed course, executing the manœuvre, not, as is usual, with a chorused chant, but silently, as if the ship were a spectre, and her crew but shadows.

The barque is now about a league's distance from land, and half-way between are the breakers, their roar sounding ominously through the calm quiet of the night. The vessel making but little way—only two or three knots an hour—one proposes that the boat be lowered at once, and such traps as they intend taking put into her. In such a tranquil sea it will tow alongside in safety.

As this will be so much work in advance the plan is approved of, and they proceed to its execution, the pinnace being selected as the most suitable boat for beaching. Clustering around it, they commence operations. Two leap lightly into it, ship the rudder, secure the oars and boat-hooks, clear the life-lines, and cast off the lanyards of the gripes, the others holding the fall-tackle in hand, to see that they are clear for running. Then, taking a proper turn, they lower away.

Other movements succeed, the pirates passing to and from the forecastle, carrying canvas bags and bundles of clothing, with such other of their belongings as they deem necessary for a debarkation like that intended. A barrel of pork, another of biscuit, and a beaker of water, are also turned out, and handed down into the boat—not forgetting a keg containing rum, and several bottles of wine they have purloined from the ship's stores.

In silence, but with no great show of caution or stealth, are all these movements made. They have but little fear of being detected, some scarce caring if they be. Indeed, there is no one to observe them, who is not taking part, for the negro cook, after dressing the dinner and serving it, has gone out of the galley for good, and now acting as steward, keeps below in the cabin waiting on the guests at table.

Soon everything is stowed away in the pinnace, except that which is to form its most precious freight, and again the piratical crew bring their heads together to arrange about the final step, the time to take which is fast drawing nigh. A thing so serious calls for calm deliberation, or, at all events, there must be a thorough understanding among them, for it is the disposal of those they have destined as the victims of their villainy.

All quite understand how this is to be done, though nothing definite has yet been said of it. Even the most hardened among them shrinks from putting it in plain words. Still it is tacitly understood, the ladies are to be taken along, the others to be dealt with in a different way.

For a time they stand silent, waiting for one who has the hardihood to speak. There is one who has this, a ruffian of unmitigated type, whose breast is not moved by the slightest throb of humanity. It is the second mate, Padilla. Breaking silence, he says:

"Let's get the women into the boat, and heave the others overboard, and have done with it!"

The horrible proposition, despite the auditory to whom it is addressed, does not find favorable response. Several speak in opposition to it, Harry Blew first and loudest. Though broken his word, and forfeited his faith, the British sailor is not so abandoned as to contemplate murder in such a cool, deliberate manner. Some of those around him have no doubt committed it, but he does not yet feel up to it. Opposing Padilla's counsel, he says:

"What need for our killin' them at all? For my part, I don't see any."

"And for your part, what would you do?" sneeringly retorts the second mate.

"Give them a chance for their lives."

"How?" promptly asks Padilla.

"Why, if we set the barque's head out to sea, and trim her sails right, as the wind's off-shore, she'd soon carry them beyont sight o' land, and we'd never hear another word about 'em."

"*Carrai!*" exclaims Padilla, scornfully, "that would be a wise way—just the one to get our throats in the *garrota*. You forget that Don Gregorio Montijo is a man of the big grandee kind, and should he ever set foot ashore after what we'd done to him, he'd have influence enough to make most places, if not the whole of the earth, too hot for us. There's an old saw about dead men telling no tales. No doubt most of you have heard it, and some know it to be a true one. Take my advice, *camarados*, and let us not up to it. What's your opinion, Senor Gomez?"

"Since you ask for it," responds Gomez, speaking for the first time on this special matter, "my opinion is that there is no need for any difference among us. Mr. Blew's against killing them, and so would I, if it could be avoided. But it can't with safety to ourselves; at least not in the way he has suggested. To do as he says would be madness on our part—more, it might be suicide. I think I know a way that will save us from actually murdering them, and secure our own safety all the same."

"What way?" demand several voices.

"One simple enough; so simple, I wonder you haven't all thought of it, as well as I. Of course, we intend sending this pretty craft to the bottom of the sea. But she is not likely to go down till we are a good way off—altogether out of sight. We can leave them aboard, and let them slip quietly down along with her!"

"Why, that's just what Blew proposes," say several.

"True," returns Gomez; "but not exactly as I mean it. He'd leave them free to go about the ship—perhaps get off her when she sinks, on a sofa, or spar, or something."

"Then how would you do with them?" asks one impatiently.

"Bind the gentlemen before bidding them adieu."

"Bah!" exclaims Padilla, a monster to whom cold blood seems congenial. "What's the use of being at all that bother? It's sure to bring trouble. The skipper will resist, and so'll the old Don. What then? We'll be compelled to knock them on the head all the same, or toss them overboard. So let's put a stopper on them at once!"

"Why, man!" cries Striker, hitherto only a listener, but a backer of Harry Blew; "you 'pear to 'a been practisin' a queery plan in jobs o' this sort. That 'o Gomez be far the best way, same as I've seed in the Australian bush, where they an't so blood-thirsty. When they stick up a chap theer, so long's he don't cut up nasty, they settle things by splicin' him to a tree, an' leavin' him to his meditashuns. Why can't we do the same wi' the skipper an' the Don—supposin' 'em to show refractory?"

"That's it!" exclaims Davis, strengthening the proposal thus endorsed by his chum Striker. "My old pal's got the correct idea of sich things."

"Besides," continues the older of the ex-convicts, "this job seems to me simple enuf. We want the swag, an' some seems to be wantin' the gals. Well; we can git both 'ithout the necessity o' doin' murder."

"I tell you what," interposes Harry Blew, "for myself, as I've said, I object to killing or the sight o' blood, where it en't a absolute necessity. True, by us leavin' them aboard an' tied, as Mr. Gomez advises, they'll get drowned, for sartin; but it'll keep our hands clear o' red murder."

"That's true!" cry several in assent.

"Let's take Australian way of it, and tie them up."

The assenting voices are in the majority; and the compromise suggested by Gomez is carried. So far everything is fixed. It but remains to arrange about the action, and apportion to every one his part. This soon settled; the first officer, assisted by Davis, who has some knowledge of ship carpentry, is to see to the scuttling of the vessel; Velarde and Hernandez to take charge of the girls, and get them into the boat; Gomez to see to the steering of the vessel; the second-mate to head the party intrusted with the seizure of the gold; while Striker and the Frenchman are to tie up the unfortunate men whose lives are to be sacrificed. The atrocious plan is complete in all its revolting details—the hour of its execution at hand.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE DREADED TINTORERAS.

With all sail set, the barque glides silently on—to her doom! Gomez has taken charge of the steering, he alone having any knowledge of the coast. They are less than a league from land, shaving close along the outer edge of the breakers. The breeze now blowing off-shore makes it easy to keep clear of them.

There is high land on the starboard bow, gradually drawing more distinct. Gomez fancies he remembers it. And soon is sure; for in the clear moonlight is disclosed the outline of a hill, which, once seen, could not easily be forgotten; a *cerro* with two summits, and a *col* or saddle-like depression between.

Yes; he is certain he has seen that double-headed hill before. Still, though a conspicuous landmark, it does not point out any landing-place, only that they are entering the great gulf which here indents the Veraguan coast.

As the barque moves on, bringing the hill abeam, he sees a reach of clear water opening inland. To all appearance a bay with mouth miles in width.

He would run into it, but is forbidden by the breakers, whose froth-crested belt extends across its entrance from cape to cape. Running past he again closes on the land, now within less than a league, and soon has the two-headed hill abeam, its singular silhouette conspicuous against the moonlit sky; all the more from the moon being beyond and low down, showing between the twin summits like a great globe lamp there suspended. When nearly opposite, he observes an open space in the line of breakers, easily told by its dark tranquil surface, which contrasts with the white horse-tails lashing up on each side of it.

Soon as sighting it, Gomez drops the wheel, intrusting it to the Dutch sailor; as he does so, giving the latter directions how to steer. Then leaving the poop he proceeds towards the ship's waist, where he finds all the others ready for action. Striker and La Crosse with pieces of rope for making fast the ill-fated men; Padilla and his party armed with axes and crowbars—the keys with which they intend to open the locker doors.

Near the main-mast stands the first mate, a lighted lantern in his hand, Davis beside him, with auger, mallet, and chisel. They are by the main-hatchway, which they have opened, evidently intending descent into the hold. With the lantern concealed under the skirt of his ample dreadnought, Harry Blew stands within the shadow of the mast, as if reflecting on his faithlessness, ashamed to let his face be seen. He even seems reluctant to proceed in the black business, while affecting the opposite. As the others are now occupied in various ways, with their eyes off him, he steps out to the ship's side, and looks over the rail. The moon is now full upon his face, which, under her soft innocent beams, shows an expression difficult as ever to interpret. The most skilled physiognomist could not read it. There is sign of more than one emotion striving within his breast, mingling together, or succeeding each other, quick as the changing hues of the chameleon. Now, it seems guilty cupidity, now remorse, anon the dark shadow of despair! The last growing darker, he draws nearer to the side, and looks more earnestly over as if about to plunge into the sea, and so rid himself of a life ever after to be a burden!

While standing thus, apparently hesitating as to whether he should drown himself, and have done with it, soft voices sound in his ears, mingling their tones with the breeze, as it sighs through the rigging of the ship. Simultaneously there is a rustling of dresses, and the moment after he sees two female forms, robed in white, with shawls over their shoulders, and kerchiefs covering their heads. Stepping out on the quarter-deck, they stand for a short while, the moon shining on their faces, both bright and cheerful as her beams. Then they stroll aft, little dreaming of the doom that awaits them.

Their unsuspecting innocence should soften his traitrous heart. Instead, it seems to steel it the more, as if their presence but recalled and quickened within him some vow of revenge. He hesitates no longer, but gliding back to the hatch, climbs over its coaming, and, lantern in hand, descends into the hold, there to do a deed which light of moon or sun should not shine upon.

Though within the tropics, and but a few degrees from the equatorial line, there is chilliness in the air of the night, now nearing its mid-hours. Drawing their cloaks closely around them, the young ladies mount up to the poop, and stand resting their hands on the taffrail. For a time they are silent, their eyes turned astern, watching the foam in the ship's wake lit up with dancing phosphorescence. They observe other sparkling scintillations besides those in the Condor's wake. There are broad splatches of it all over the surface of the sea, with here and there elongated *sillons*, seemingly made by some creatures in motion, swimming parallel to the ship's course, and keeping pace with her. The two girls have not voyaged through thirty degrees of the Pacific Ocean to be now told what these are. They know them to be sharks, as also that some of larger size and brighter luminosity are those of the *tintorera*—that species so much dreaded by the pearl-divers of Panama Bay and the Gulf of California. This night, both *tiburones* and *tintoreras* are more numerous than they have before observed them—closer also to the vessel's side; for the sharks, observantly, have seen a boat lowered down, which gives anticipation of prey nearer reach of their ravenous jaws.

"*Santissima!*" exclaims Carmen, as one makes a dash at some waif drifting astern. "What a fearful thing it would be to fall overboard in the midst of those horrid creatures! One wouldn't have the slightest chance of being saved. Only to think how little space there is between us and certain death! You see that monster just below, with its great, glaring eyes? It looks as if it wanted to leap up and lay hold on us. Ugh! I mustn't keep my eyes on it any longer. It makes me tremble in a strange way. I do believe, if I continued gazing at it, I should grow giddy and drop over into its jaws! Sobrina, are you not glad we're so near the end of our voyage?"

"I'm not sorry, *tia*—I fancy no one ever is. I should be more pleased, however, if it *were* the end of our voyage, which, unfortunately, it isn't. Before we see Spain, we've another equally as long."

"True—as long in duration and distance. But otherwise it may be very different, and I hope more endurable. Across the Atlantic we'll have passage in a big steamship, with a grand dining-saloon and state sleeping-rooms, each in itself as large as the main cabin of the Condor. Besides, we'll have plenty of company — passengers like ourselves. Let us hope they may turn out nice people. If so, our Atlantic voyage will be more enjoyable than this on the Pacific."

"But we've been very comfortable in the Condor, and I'm sure Captain Lantanas has done all he could to make things agreeable for us."

"He has, indeed, the dear, good creature; and I shall ever feel grateful to him. Still you must admit, that however well-meant, we've been at times a little bored by his learned dissertations. Oh, Inez, it's been awfully lonely and frightfully monotonous — at least, to me."

"Ah! I understand. What you want is a bevy of bachelors as fellow-passengers, to enliven one. Well; I suppose there will be in the big steamer. Like enough, a half-score of our moustached *militarios*, returning from Cuba and other colonies. Wouldn't that make our Atlantic voyage enjoyable?"

"Not mine—nothing of the sort, as you know, Inez. To speak truth, it was neither the loneliness nor monotony of our Pacific voyage that has made it so miserable. Something else."

"I think I can guess the something else."

"If so, you'll be clever. It's more than I can."

"Might it have anything to do with those cold parting compliments, and the informal leave-taking? Of course it has. Come, Carmen! You promised me you'd think no more about that, till we see them in Cadiz, and have it all cleared up."

"You're wrong again, Inez. It is not anything of them."

"What then? It can't be the *mal de mer!* Of it *I* might complain. I'm even suffering from it now; although the sea is so calm. But you! why you stand the sea as well as one of those rough sailors themselves! You're just the woman to be a naval officer's wife, and when your *novio* gets command of a ship I suppose you'll be for sailing all round the world with him."

"You're merry, *mora*."

"Well; who wouldn't be, with the prospect of so soon setting foot on land. For my part, I detest the sea; and when I marry my little *guardiamarina*, I'll make him forsake it, and take to some pleasanter profession. And if he prefer doing nothing, by good-luck the rent of my lands will keep us both comfortably, with something to spare for a town house in Cadiz. But come, Carmen! Tell me what's troubling you? Surely you must know it."

"Surely I don't, Inez. I can't tell myself."

"That's strange, a mystery. Might it be regret at leaving behind your *preux chevaliers* of California—that grand, gallant De Lara, whom, at our last interview, we saw sprawling in the road-dust? You ought to feel relieved at getting rid of him, as I of my important suitor, the Senor Calderon. By the way, I wonder whatever became of them? Only to think of their never coming near us to say good-bye! And that nothing was seen or heard of them afterwards! Something must have happened. What could it have been? I've tried to think, but without succeeding."

"So I the same. It is indeed very strange; though I fancy father heard something about them which he does not wish to make known to us. You remember what happened after we'd left the house—those men coming to it in the night. Father has an idea they intended taking his gold, believing it still there. What's more, I think he half suspects that of the four men—for there appear to have been four of them—two were none other than our old acquaintances"—she had almost said suitors, but the word gives her a spasm of pain—"Francisco de Lara and Faustino Calderon."

"*Maria de Merced!*" exclaims Inez. "It's frightful to think of such thing. And we ought to be thankful to the good saint for saving us from such villains; and glad to get away from a country where their like are allowed to live."

"Sobrina, you've touched the point. The very thought that's been distressing me is the remembrance of those men. Even since leaving San Francisco, as before we left, I've had a strange heaviness on my heart—a sort of boding fear—that we haven't yet seen the last of them. It haunts me like a spectre. I can't tell why, unless it be from what I know of De Lara. He's not the man to submit to that great defeat of which we were witnesses; be assured he will seek to avenge it. We expected a duel, and feared it. Likely there would have been one, but for the sailing of the English ship. Still that won't hinder such a desperate man as Don Francisco from going after Senor Crozier, and trying to kill him, any way he can. I have a fear he'll follow him—is after him now."

"What if he is? Your *fiance* can take care of himself. As so can mine, if Calderon should get it into his silly head to go after him. Let them go, so long as they don't come after us; which they're not likely—all the way to Spain."

"I'm not so sure of that. Such as they may make their way anywhere. Professional gamblers—as we now know them to be—travel to all parts of the world. All cities give them the same opportunity to pursue their outlawed calling—why not Cadiz? But, Inez, there's something I haven't told you, thinking you might make mock of it. I've had a fright more than once—several times since we came aboard the Condor."

"A fright! What sort of a fright?"

"If you promise not to laugh at me, I'll tell you."

"I promise."

"'Twould be no laughing matter were it true. But, of course, it could only be fancy."

"Fancy about what? Go on, *tia!* I'm all impatience."

"About the sailors on board. All have bad faces; some of them like very *demonios*. But there's one has particularly impressed me. Would you believe it, Inez, he has eyes exactly like De Lara's! His features, too, resemble those of Don Francisco, only that the sailor has a great beard and whiskers, while he had none. Of course, the resemblance can be only accidental. Still, it caused me a start, when I first observed it, and has several times since. Never more than this very morning, when I was up here and saw that man. He was at the wheel, all by himself, steering. Several times, on turning suddenly round, I caught him looking straight at me, staring in the most insolent manner. I had half a mind to complain to Captain Lantanas; but reflecting that we were so near the end of our voyage —"

She is not permitted to say more. For at the moment, a man springing up to the poop, as if he had risen out of it, stands before her; the sailor who resembles De Lara! Making a low bow, he says:

"Not *near* the end of your voyage, senorita—but *at* it;" adding, with an ironical smile: "Now, ladies, you are going ashore. The boat is down; and, combining business with pleasure, it's my duty to hand you into it."

While he is speaking, another of the sailors approaches Inez. It is Hernandez, who offers his services in a similar strain.

For a moment, the young ladies are speechless, through sheer surprise. Horror succeeds, as the truth flashes upon them. And then, instead of coherent speech, they make answer by a simultaneous shriek, at the same time attempting to retreat towards the companion-stair.

Not a step is permitted them. They are seized in strong arms, and half-dragged, half-lifted off their feet, hurried away from the taffrail. Even their cries are hindered, by huge woolen caps drawn over their heads, and down to their chins, almost stifling them. Though no longer seeing, and but indistinctly hearing, they can tell where they are being taken. They feel themselves lifted over the vessel's side, and lowered down man-ropes into a boat; along the bottom of which they are finally laid, and held fast—as if they had fallen into the jaws of those terrible *tintoreras* they saw keeping company with the ship!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE'S PATRON SAINT.

BY R. M. BARTON.

"I wonder who my Valentine will be to day?"

Little Ida Cornell sat near the parlor fire, her gold brown curls hanging like a mist of sunshine round her girlish face—as pretty a young fairy of eleven summers as one need to see, on a bracing February morning.

"Your Valentine, Ida? What nonsense!" echoed her tall sister, who was arranging her own jet-black tresses before a mirror. "Little girls shouldn't talk about such things."

"Well," retorted Ida, with a toss of her small shapely head, "I don't see why it's any worse for little girls to talk nonsense, than it is for big girls; and I'm sure I heard you and Cousin Clara whispering together a full half-hour this morning, when you thought I was asleep, about your Valentines."

Jane Cornell laughed.

"Well, what did we say, little Miss Eyes-and-ears?"

"Why, you said that the first unmarried gentleman you saw would be your Valentine; and Clara told you that Mr. St Evers would be waiting outside the window for your first glances. I say, I've a great mind to run out and see Mr. St. Evers myself. I would like him for a Valentine, besides the pleasure of cutting my elder sister out!"

Ida started up with eyes brimfull of dancing mischief, as the idea took possession of her mind, and ran into the hall, deftly eluding Jane's outstretched hand of detention. Suddenly she checked herself with a little surprised scream, and ran back into the parlor, hiding her flushed cheeks and eyes of merry mischief in the folds of her sister's dress.

"What is it now, you gipsy?" demanded Jane; "was Mr. St. Evers there?"

"Mr. St. Evers, indeed! It was the milk-boy, Jane; only think of it, a common milk-boy, with great thick shoes and a fur cap down to his eyebrows, and red hands like cook's. Oh, Jenny, is *he* to be my Valentine?"

"There can't be a doubt it," gravely asserted the elder sister; "the first unmarried gentleman."

"But he isn't a gentleman, Jane; the idea of it!" and the little aristocrat elevated her exquisitely chiselled nose. "He is nothing but a milk-boy! Oh, Jenny, I can't have *him* for a Valentine!"

Jane laughed at her little sister's evident consternation.

"That makes no difference," she said, mischievously; "you must submit to your fate. What was he doing there?"

"Oh, he muttered something about waiting for mamma to send the money for the milk bill, when I asked him what his business was. But I say, Jenny, do you think—"

"There, there, don't disturb me now. Clara is here with the new slipper patterns, and I've got forty thousand things to think of, besides."

Little Ida Cornell was left alone, to climb into the window-seat and amuse herself with the book of fairy tales, still pouting a little at the idea of fate having adjudged her the milk-boy for a Valentine.

But what did Hugh Moray think, as he sat uneasily on the very edge of the big Gothic hall chair, every word of the carelessly uttered conversation between the sisters distinctly audible to him. His brown cheek flushed at first, and then grew pale; he bit his lips until the blood came, and the sting of helpless poverty and sensitive pride rankled sharply in his heart. For Hugh Moray was a manly little fellow for his fourteen brief years, and hitherto he had known no disgrace in toiling to help his widowed mother.

"Nothing but a milk-boy!" he repeated to himself. "And are my hands so very red and my clothes so very coarse that I am beneath her notice? I used to think her the prettiest creature I ever saw; but I will never think so again. She is proud and haughty and disagreeable, and I am foolish to waste a thought upon her idle words!"

Nevertheless, Hugh's heart swelled high with wounded pride as he drew the obnoxious fur cap tighter over his brows and went upon his way.

"I wish I could find something to do that would earn money a little faster. I wish I could educate myself. Oh, it is very, very hard to be poor!"

Alas! Hugh Moray, thou art not the only one who has murmured the same words in bitterness of spirit.

When, his day's work done, and his milk-rounds all completed, the boy returned to the third-story floor in a poor street, where his mother tried to make a home out of most unhomelike material, he was dejected and wearied beyond his usual wont. As he opened the door, a prodigal glow of red-hot coals met his eye in the little grate where the fire was usually hoarded with such jealous care; the fragrant odor of strongly brewed Bohea saluted his sense; and his mother was sitting with a joyous face just opposite a bronzed, sailor-like man.

"What cheer, my hearty?" roared the latter personage, with a voice as strident as if it had proceeded forth from old Boreas' speaking-trumpet. "Come here and shake hands with your old uncle! Bless his heart, he's a Moray all over!"

"This is your uncle, Hugh," explained his smiling mother—"your uncle that we thought was shipwrecked off the coast of Madagascar, ten good years ago; and he's come home rich, and we're to live with him, Hugh; and you're to be brought up a *gentleman*, and there's no more hard work to grind us into the dust, my boy, and—"

But Mrs. Moray was compelled to pause here for very lack of breath.

"Do you want to be rich, Hugh?" demanded his newly-found relation, holding both the boy's hands in his, and looking intently into his eyes.

"I want to be a man, uncle, an educated man!" returned the boy, speaking out the thought which had been uppermost in his brain all day.

"I like that!" was the weather-bronzed man's only reply. "Your son will *do*, Anne."

Hugh Moray sat down and gazed into the fire, with his chin supported upon his hands, thinking earnestly; while his uncle and his mother talked eagerly over past, present and future. How like an Arabian Night's tale it seemed to his excited fancy; a sudden influx of wealth to lift him out of the narrow boundaries of sordid toil, to refine and cultivate his nobler instincts, to make a gentleman out of the poor hard-worked milk-boy! And then came the half vindictive recollection of pretty Ida Cornell, with her golden hair and the scornful glitter of her turquoise-blue eyes.

"I wonder what *she* would say to being my Valentine now?" he thought, triumphantly.

Like bright, vanishing bubbles on the surface of Time's ever-flowing river, the years passed away, ten of them; and Hugh Moray smiled sometimes to think of the red-handed little milk-boy, whose sensitive feelings were so sorely wounded by a certain little fairy's ill-disguised scorn. He had changed with the changing years into a tall, dignified man, with raven-black hair, slightly inclined to wave, eyes deep and black as midnight pools, and features straight and correctly outlined. A year's travel had tended to give a graceful ease to his manner; and not one of the attributes of wealth were wanting to lend polish to his life. This was the Hugh Moray of *to-day*.

"What fun!" cried Ida Cornell, dancing up and down as she tossed an open envelope upon the table. "Mrs. Clifton is going to have a St. Valentine's Eve party; all disengaged and unmarried people; and nobody is to know who else is invited; and we're to draw our cavaliers by lot, and be faithful to them one whole evening. Won't it be splendid?"

Jane Cornell, who was still Jane Cornell, in spite of the false and fair Mr. St. Evers, took up the note rather sourly.

"It will be sure to be a failure. Who ever heard of such a thing before,"

"That's because you are not invited," said Ida, saucily. "*I* think it will be glorious! Mrs. Clifton told me last week she was to have quite a large number of fashionable city people, and lots of eligible young men among them."

"How can you talk such nonsense, Ida?"

Ida pursed up her ripe cherry of a mouth roguishly.

"I tell you what, Jenny," she said, "it's high time I was on the look-out for a real, genuine Valentine. Only think! twenty-one last week, and not an engagement ring to my finger!"

She shot a sideways glance as she spoke at the mirror beyond, which returned a by no means unflattering tale. Hair light and burnished as flossy gold, eyes full of blue, limpid light, velvet skin, softly tinged with rose, and a figure slender and rounded as that of Hebe's self. Yes, Ida Cornell was a beauty, and she knew it.

"A Valentine!" retorted Jane, rather acidly. "I think you have forgotten that you are to be a milk-boy's Valentine."

Ida burst out laughing merrily.

"Haven't you forgotten that luckless adventure of my childhood's days yet? But seriously, Jane, I do believe that St. Valentine's Day has always exercised a sort of fate over me, for I never have succeeded in winning a nice Valentine since. Now, don't be cross, Jane, that's a dear; but help me with the white lace puffings to my blue silk dress, or I shall never get them done in time."

Miss Cornell looked quite pretty enough to be appointed lieutenant-general to Cupid that night, as she entered Mrs. Clifton's mansion, where the glitter of lights and the perfume of flowers and the confused hum of innumerable feminine voices kept up a pleasant sort of bewilderment. She was dressed in blue silk, draped with lace, and caught up here and there with clusters of blue fleur-de-lis, while her golden hair floated down her back in *crepe* waves of sunny brightness, and her cheeks glowed with soft, warm crimson.

"Have you got your number, Ida?" cried Kate Clinton, gravely advancing with a satin-wood box.

"No; what is it?"

"Are you ready to go in?"

"Yes, quite."

Kate presented her with a tiny slip of white silk, on which was embroidered, in silver letters, the magic number "333."

"Present it at the door as you enter," she said, with much solemnity, "and may St. Valentine treat you well."

As Ida, half-fluttered, half-amused, passed into the brilliant drawing rooms, Mrs. Clinton smilingly met her, and glanced at her silken ticket.

"No. 333," she spoke, and a tall, handsome gentleman stepped forward on the instant.

"Mr. Moray, Miss Cornell," she said, presenting them to each other, and passing on to receive the next aspirant for the good offices of St. Valentine.

Ida glanced shyly up at the stately, dark-bronzed cavalier who stood so gracefully beside her; and Hugh Moray's heart gave a sudden thrill within him, as he met the gaze of the blue liquid eyes which had once flashed so scornfully upon him years and years ago. How lovely she had grown! yet still, how much the same! He almost expected to see her straighten up her slight figure, and draw back from the polluting touch of his arm.

But Ida did not; on the contrary, she seemed passing well pleased with her fate in becoming his companion for the evening—the more so, as once or twice she heard envious comments on her good luck from others who were not so auspiciously mated.

"Only think!" pouted Virginia Berry, who had "drawn" a dapper, ineligible young Treasury clerk, without more than one idea at pasture in his brain, "it's just Ida Cornell's luck to get that splendid Moray, with a handsome fortune."

But there was nothing mercenary in Ida Cornell's nature; if she gloried in her handsome companion, it was from no ignoble motive. She was young and very impressible, and Hugh Moray was fascinating in no common degree.

When Ida Cornell went home that evening, it was with a shy half-consciousness that she had enjoyed herself very much indeed, and a distinct remembrance of sundry sparkles from the deep, dark eyes that had spoken with more eloquence than words.

"Well," questioned Jane, "how did you like your partner?"

"Very much," Ida answered, dreamily.

"Was he at all like the milk-boy?"

"The milk-boy, indeed! Jane, I do wish that you would forget that absurd piece of nonsense!"

Miss Cornell had permitted Mr. Moray to call, and Mr. Moray lost no time in availing himself of the permission; and from that the succession to parties, morning concerts and drives in the country was simple and natural enough.

And one day the finale came, when they were sitting together behind the draperies of a box at the theatre, with lights and music and delicious scents floating around them as through the solemn glories of a dream. They had been talking about the party at Mrs. Clifton's on St. Valentine's Eve.

"I enjoyed that party so much," Ida said, softly, without raising her eyes from the bouquet of japonicas that she held.

"Did you, dear Ida?" (They had become quite good friends, you may perceive.) "Should you be willing to adopt your Valentine of that night for your Valentine forever?" he asked, earnestly.

And she replied in all good faith:

"I should, Hugh."

"Then you will be my wife, my little gold-haired bride?"

"Dear Hugh, yes!"

He smiled, as he held both her hands firmly pressed in his own.

"Ida," he said, "it was a strange fate which assigned us to each other for that St. Valentine's Eve, was it not? One might almost believe that the gentle-natured saint really guided our destinies."

"Almost, Hugh," she assented.

"But you will think it stranger still, when I tell you that, years and years ago, you were sent to me as my Valentine!"

"What can you mean?" she asked eagerly.

And he told her how one Hugh Moray had sat in the hall of her mother's residence, on a bleak February morning, waiting for money for his milk bill, and how a little shining apparition in blue and gold and roses had glimmered upon him for one instant, and then disappeared; how his boy-heart had ached and smarted, and how all the time deliverance was close at hand, and——

Well, he told the whole story, with sundry lover-like digressions, while Ida listened with sparkling eyes and changing color, more than ever convinced that "there is a destiny which shapes our ends."

"And I am the milk-boy's true Valentine, after all," she said, smiling radiantly.

"Yes, you are the milk-boy's true Valentine," he answered, tenderly; "and after this, who shall deny the authenticity of love's own patron saint?"

Who indeed?

THE WOMAN'S WORLD. — Although they may not be willing to acknowledge it, the happiness of the race depends to a great extent upon women. They regulate the domestic life, and upon it, more than upon the great events which fill the pages of history, depend individual peace and comfort. Probably few things have more to do with the happiness of a household than the presence or absence of that exquisite tact which rounds the sharp corners, and softens the asperities of different characters, enabling people differing most widely to live together in peace, cheered by mutual good offices. The possession of this quality is the especial characteristic, and its exercise one of the most delightful prerogatives of womanhood. We may be willing to lose all, to die, if need be, for those we love, but if we do not, from day to day, abstain from the little unkind or thoughtless acts which interfere with their comfort, we shall utterly fail to make them happy, and their hearts will inevitably escape us. The heroic and magnificent acts of life are few. To many but one, to most none comes in a life-time. Therefore influence can only come through the right performance of the "trifles" which "make the sum of human things."

"THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS; I'LL NONE OF IT."

We do not in the least feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust; indeed, we are rather inclined to sympathize with him. Even nowadays most of the cathartics offered to the public are great, repulsive-looking pills, the very appearance of which is sufficient to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he would not have uttered those words of contempt. It is really encouraging, when one is ill, to find that a little sugar-coated Pellet, no larger than a grain of mustard, will as promptly produce the desired effect as a dose of great nauseating pills. These little Pellets, unlike other cathartics, are really nature's physic. They do not debilitate, but tone and invigorate the system. No family should be without Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

HE who consecrates himself to what is highest of all, thereby elevates all his pursuits.

RECEIPTS.

CASTOR oil is said to be the best and most durable lubricator for buggy axles.

THE best oil for making boot and harness leather soft and pliable is castor oil.

A RED hot iron passed over old putty will soften it so that it is easily removed.

GLYCERINE is excellent to rub on chafes, burns or chapped hands or sun scalds.

SILVERWARE may be kept bright and clean by coating the article (warmed) with a solution of collodion diluted with alcohol.

A FEW drops of diluted carbolic acid in a kettle of glue will keep it from spoiling for several days in the warmest weather.

TO CLEAN GOLD.—Powder some whiting, and make it into a moist paste with some sal volatile. Cover over the gold ornaments and surface with a soft brush; let it dry, and then brush it off with a moderately hard brush.

BRASS ornaments should be first washed with a strong lye made of rock alum, in the proportion of one ounce of alum to a pint of water; when dry, rub with leather and fine tripoli. This will give to brass the brilliancy of gold.

FLEAS IN DOGS.—Mix one-sixth of its weight of spirits of turpentine with soft soap; rub the mixture well into the dog's skin, and after remaining an hour, wash all out. The fleas will be all killed but the process must be repeated in a week or two.

To clean a nubia, take a wooden bucket, fill it half full of wheat flour; then dip your nub a up and down in the flour until it looks white, shake thoroughly, when it will be as nice as new, and will not have the drawn appearance which washing gives.

AN exchange says of stove-linings: "Ten cents' worth of clay from the potter's worked to the consistency of putty, pressed firmly around the sides and into the corners of the furnace box and left to dry over night, will make in every respect a more desirable lining than the fire-brick bought in the stores."

HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.—First heat the coffee-pot by rinsing with hot water; then take the usual quantity of fresh-ground coffee, and fill up with boiling water; keep the pot near the fire for ten minutes or so, then serve with hot milk. By this simple process of infusion instead of boiling the coffee, the aroma is preserved without any degree of bitterness.

MAKE YOUR OWN CANDLES.—Take two pounds of alum for every ten pounds of tallow; dissolve it in water before the tallow is put in, and then melt the tallow in the alum water, with frequent stirring. This will clarify and harden the tallow so as to make a most beautiful article, either for summer or winter use, almost as good as sperm.

NEVER use anything but light blankets as a covering for the sick. The heavy impervious cotton counterpane is bad, for the reason that it keeps in the exhalations from the pores of the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through. Weak persons are invariably distressed by a great weight of bed clothes, which often prevents their getting any sound sleep whatever.

MARINE GLUE.—An excellent marine glue, which can be melted at the same heat as common glue, can be applied with a brush, sets very quickly, is elastic and perfectly soluble in water, can be made by dissolving two ounces of india-rubber in half a gallon of mineral naphtha. When the rubber is dissolved, add twice the quantity of shellac to the naphtha, place the whole in an iron vessel, apply heat cautiously, stir till well mixed, and then pour out on a slab to cool.

DOBBINS' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co, Philadelphia), contains nothing but the purest material, and does the work quickly, but without impairing the finest fabric. Try it without fail.

POSTSCRIPTS.

— "Button parties" are popular in the West. We don't know whence they derive their name, unless it's because they're always sure to come off.

— Shoes with fur around the ankle tops are the latest agony among ladies. They are called Polish, but that doesn't signify anything alarming.

— With the exception of London, no European city has a fire department at all comparable with that of any first rate city in the United States.

— Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl in the dark; you may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

— A Pennsylvania man named his first three boys America, United States and Christopher Columbus, and a new comer he has called Centennial.

— The people of San Francisco show a growing fondness for reading. Twenty thousand books have been stolen from the Mercantile Library in one year.

— While the sheriff was separating two belligerent attorneys in a Memphis court one day lately, the prisoner quietly walked off. The astonished judge sent the lawyers to jail.

— Snowfalls under a cloudless sky are common in Virginia City, puzzling strangers. The snow is blown from Mount Davidson, which is close by the town, and is whirled through the streets by the wind.

— It is related that, in answer to Madame de Stael's allegation that "every Englishman is an island," Sir James Macintosh wittily rejoined to Governor Morris that "every American is a Declaration of Independence."

— A scientific college, built at a cost of $300 000, with an endowment of $150,000, has been given to the city of Birmingham, England, by Sir Josiah Mason. These represent some of the profits of the steel pen manufactory.

— It costs the people of the United States about $10 000 a day to support the House of Representatives. A session of the House consumes from three to four hours. Every hour's work is done at an expense of $2 500. Every minute of the session costs $40.

— There are five hundred ways of arranging the hair this season, and only one kind of gravy, as the Frenchman said in regard to the number of religious denominations. Young ladies appear to delight in the harum-scarum style, and stately matrons scallop their silken tresses.

— The *South of India Observer* says that the jewels worn by the little Guicowar of Baroda at the landing of the Prince of Wales are estimated at £2 000 000 sterling. The principal features were a plume of diamonds in his turban and a large bunch of pearls fringed with gold. He also wore the famous diamond Star of India, the purchase of which nearly broke the Baroda Exchequer.

— The greatest nuisance at our city hotels is the French names on the bills of fare. What does the average American know about *la gibier*, *les entrements*, *a la* this, or *a la* that? It makes a fellow feel like saying with the immortal poet, "Give me pork and beans, or give me death!" If we cannot borrow their cookery without borrowing French names, let us have the national dish known as pork and beans, and be satisfied.

— In a crowded horse-car, the other evening, a gentleman who was seated resigned his place in favor of a pale, slender woman, who carried a large child in her arms, and was being jostled this way and that with the motion of the car. To the gentleman's surprise, a burly individual took the seat before the lady could reach it. "I meant this lady to have my seat," said the gentleman, angrily. "Vell," replied the other, settling back comfortably in his seat, "dat lady ish my wife!"

The Greatest Pain Reliever in the world is DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT, an internal as well as external remedy. It has been warranted for over twenty-eight years, and not a bottle returned. It cures chronic rheumatism, sore throat, pains in the limbs, back and chest, croup, diarrhoea, colic and spasms. No person should go to sea without it. Sold by the druggists. Depot, No. 10 Park place, New York.

Youthful Beauty.

A clear skin and a bright complexion has a charm for all. How to obtain it and how to keep it is a secret worth knowing, and one long wished for by the fair sex. A delightful toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," will most effectually produce the above result. Warranted to be entirely free from any material detrimental or injurious to health. Sold at all druggists.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

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NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—76 *Dearborn St.,*
Walter Burnham, Manager.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.,*
O. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.,*
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—293 *Broadway,*
F. H. Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.,*
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—71 *West Dundas St.,*
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.

GOOD MANNERS.

By good manners we do not mean etiquette. Etiquette is merely the substitute, and that's a most perfect one, for good manners, where these do not pervade society as a whole. And did good manners characterize mankind, etiquette would forthwith be banished. Good manners include many requisites, but they chiefly consist in politeness, courtesy, and kindness. They cannot be taught by rule, but they may by example. Some one has said that politeness is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them. But a man may be perfectly polite to another without necessarily having any regard for him. Good manners are neither more nor less than beautiful behavior. It has been well said that "a beautiful form is better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts."

Manner is the ornament of action; indeed a good action without a good manner of doing it, is stripped of half its value. A poor fellow gets into difficulties, and solicits help of a friend. He obtains it, but it is with a "*There*—take that; but I don't like lending." The help is given with a kind of kick, and it is scarcely accepted as a favor. The manner of the giving rankles in the mind of the acceptor for long after. Thus good manners mean kind manners, benevolence being the preponderating element in all kinds of intercourse between human beings.

Good manners have been supposed to be a peculiar mark of gentility, and that the individual exhibiting them has been born in some upper class of society. But the poorest classes may exhibit good manners towards each other as well as the richest. One may be polite and kind to others, without a cent in the pocket. Politeness goes very far, and yet it costs nothing. It is the cheapest of all commodities. But we want to be taught good manners as well as other things. The bulk of men need to be taught, and this can only be efficiently done in youth. The schoolteacher and the parent are the proper teachers of manners. But men must also be, to a large extent, self-educators in manners, as in everything else. Why should we not cultivate a graceful behavor, so that we may feel at home wherever we go, and be enabled by the simplest acts of politeness to spread about us pleasures on all sides.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART VI.

THE PLYMOUTH COLONY.

Although Gosnold had, in 1602, landed upon Cape Cod and explored the coast of Massachusetts, while Champlain the following year entered and christened the long lake, lying between New York and Vermont, that still bears his name, making further explorations in the Eastern Provinces, and finally witnessing a permanent settlement in Canada by the French, it was not until 1620 that any enduring colony was formed in New England.

It was indeed "a stern and rock-bound coast," only inhabited by the natives, that met the longing gaze of this "band of exiles" on that bleak December day more than two hundred years ago. Having fled from England to escape the persecutions of the established church of that country, the Pilgrims settled in Holland, where they remained ten years or more, living in peace and gaining the respect of all. Being, however, an earnest and enterprising people, who felt the boundaries of their present life too narrow for them and their children, these Pilgrims—so called because they were content to be wanderers on the face of the earth, if by so doing they might at last attain to a "better country"—conceived the plan of establishing for themselves "a Christian commonwealth" in America.

Two vessels originally set sail from Leyden, but the Speedwell proving unseaworthy put back, while the little Mayflower, with her hundred passengers, bravely breasted the terrors of that winter's sea, and after a tedious voyage, being driven much further north than the Pilgrims had desired, safely reached the shores of Massachusetts.

Captain John Smith, during one of his northern voyages, had already given the name of Plymouth to the landing place of these settlers, and it is said that a young girl, Mary Chilton, was the first person who set her foot on Plymouth Rock. A strong argument for those of the *gentler* sex who uphold the rights of woman in favor of their supremacy in the New World!

Having no royal charter, these Pilgrims, in the cabin of the Mayflower, signed a compact and formed themselves into "a civil body politic." Though acknowledging themselves loyal subjects of King James, they were to be in all essentials self governing.

John Carver was chosen governor for one year, and Captain Miles Standish constituted military commander of a company that must have been small indeed.

Among the crew of the Mayflower we read of a baby born during the voyage, and although we are accustomed to think of these Puritans coming into the world armed *cap-a-pie* and fully grown, as the fable says, Minerva sprang from the brain of Jove, all ready to battle against sin and tyranny, the fact is well authenticated, and also that he was christened Peregrine—a sort of melancholy jest upon the peregrinations of the Pilgrims.

Inspired by a faith stronger than life, they met with cheerful hearts all the discouragements incident to their landing on a wild and unexplored shore, in the gloomy winter season, and speedily set about building dwelling houses, a church and hospital.

Of the sufferings and hardships of that first winter in New England, we can form no adequate conception; or of how bravely they were borne. Half of the settlers perished during the winter, yet when the Mayflower sailed for England in the spring, those who remained of the little band refused to return.

The following autumn the colony was reduced to the last extremity, from famine and sickness. We read of Mary Chilton, who had lost both parents during the year, sitting sadly among the graves of the colonists, over which corn had been planted to hide them from the Indians, looking out toward the sea—toward far-off England, from whence alone succor could come. We are glad to learn that she did not look in vain, for her face suddenly brightened, as she descried a fleck of white near the horizon—the sail of the welcome Fortune. Something better than fortune she bore to the starving colonists, to them she brought life and hope.

The bells rang out joyfully in Plymouth that chill November evening, and the next Thursday the first Thanksgiving in New England was celebrated, when, if they had not fat turkeys and pumpkin puddings in plenty, they had enough to eat, and hearts brimful of gratitude. Two of the company had reason to keep this Thanksgiving Day in remembrance, Mary Chilton and her lover—young Winthrop, who had come over in the Fortune to marry her—for it was also their wedding day.

This Plymouth settlement may be properly considered as the centre and nucleus of the New England of the future, and inclined to smile though we may be, at the quaint speech, manners and attire of the Pilgrim Fathers, we cannot fail to acknowledge the important influence exercised by their stern virtues and earnest purposes of life upon our national character and institutions. Literature, science, politics and religion owe no small debt to the zealous workers and thinkers of that time, and the New England of to-day, with its long line of illustrious names in the past and present, may turn back with pride and gratitude to such men as good Elder Brewster, Standish, Carver, and to Governor Winthrop and John Endicott, who came eight years later to found the Massachusetts Bay Colony. These colonists were called Puritans, to distinguish them from the Plymouth Pilgrims. The Massachusetts Bay Company founded Salem, Boston and other important towns.

In 1635, the foundations of Hartford and Saybrook were laid on the Connecticut river, these English having first purchased the land from the Indians, with whom they entered into amicable relations.

Time fails us to tell of other settlements soon dotted over the surface of New England; or to relate in full, the story of good Roger Williams, who, being *too broad* in his views to suit these men who had come to America to enjoy religious freedom, was banished from their colony. Fleeing from Salem in the cold winter season, he journeyed southwards to the country of the Narragansetts, where he was kindly received by their chief.

The first place where Roger Williams landed he called Providence, in recognition of the goodness of God. Canonicus granted him a tract of land, on which he began the settlement of Rhode Island, which, being founded on principles of the broadest liberality and toleration, was, for many years looked upon as a City of Refuge, by the oppressed, persecuted, and exiled for conscience' sake. Hither came Ann Hutchinson, a celebrated woman-preacher of those days; and doubtless many good people belonging to the Society of Friends, whom, in their over-much zeal for the faith, these Puritans felt it their duty to persecute to the death, recapitulating the world-old story of the persecuted becoming, in turn, the persecutor.

Although, in the main, men of probity, and guided, in some cases, as they professed, by the "higher law," many of these fathers of New England, in their intense rigor and striving after justice, seem to have forgotten or ignored mercy. We read of their beheading Indian prisoners taken in war, and making their wives and daughters captives.

Remarkable men these Puritans were, certainly, not unlike those who helped Cromwell to overturn the English monarchy; enthusiasts in religion, having endured for it the loss of home property, and all but life, yet when we read of Stand-fast-on-high Stringer, Kill-sin Pimple, or More Fruit Fowler committing acts of cruelty that would have ill-become a savage, we cannot but wonder that those who upheld a faith whose central graces are mercy and love, should have so perverted its gentle teachings.

In course of time, as the Connecticut colony increased, it became necessary to enact more minute laws for its government. Thus that famous code—afterwards derisively termed "The Blue Laws of Connecticut"—were framed, which may be considered, to some extent, an exposition of the state of society and feeling in New England at this time. While some of these laws are severe beyond measure and others absurdly minute, they are, in the main, sensible, just, and very necessary to a young state learning the difficult lesson of self-government. Here are some of the most remarkable, copied from a published volume of "The Blue Laws."

"No food or lodging shall be afforded to a Quaker, Adamite or other heretic.

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

"No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or saints' days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet and jews harp.

"If any man shall kiss his wife, or wife kiss her husband on the Lord's Day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the court of magistrates."

In 1643, the different colonies of New England being menaced by danger from the Indians on one hand, and the Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam on the other, sent commissioners to a council convened for mutual support and protection. Under the name of the "United Colonies of New England," these scattered settlements were drawn together, becoming one household, mutually interested and on the alert in case of danger, strong in their united strength, and foreshadowing in some faint degree the broader and more glorious union of *many* States.

This confederation proved of great value in days of peril that followed, when the colonies were threatened with entire extinction by a powerful Indian league headed by King Philip. From this war, which lasted two years, they finally came off victorious.

In 1686, James II, by an act most arbitrary and despotic, abrogated the charters of the "New England Colonies." Sir Edmund Andros was sent over from England to act as royal governor. Massachusetts and Rhode Island submitted to the "higher power," but a brave man named William Wadsworth hid the charter of Connecticut in the hollow trunk of an oak tree, where it remained until the danger was past. Ever after, through storm and sunshine, Connecticut retained her charter.

A BOUND-GIRL'S VALENTINE.

BY OLIVE BELL.

February had come in like a lamb. The grass on the sloping hillsides around a cosy farmhouse, on the outskirts of the village of Riverside, looked pale and inviting in the pale yellow glow of the setting sun. There was a peculiar opaline tint in the cloudless sky, and far in the west, some broad bars crossed the horizon like crimson banners. The air was warm, and heavy with the fragrance of moist ferns and velvety mosses that grew dank and wild in the strip of dense woodland that skirted the river, where a young girl stood, shading her eyes with her hand, as she gazed up at the opaline sky, out of which the sunset glow was slowly fading; then down at the blue waters that flowed at her feet with a musical ripple.

No one that she was aware of had ever told Nellie Blaine—Margaret Allen's bound girl—that she was a beauty. Yet she was one, for all that, and only lacked the costly setting that embellishes less charming gems, to transform her into what the world might call a "lovely woman."

A wild rose sort of a beauty she was, too, wonderfully charming in her unconscious loveliness, so shy that a kind word would send floods of crimson into the peach-like cheeks, and the slightest frown make the scarlet lips quiver like a baby's. There was a spice of romance in her nature, born, perhaps, of her utter loneliness, for never, since she could remember, had Nellie heard a voice with a truly loving ring in it, for her parents had died when she was a helpless infant, and Miss Allen, although a strictly moral and religious woman, did not believe in wasting her precious affections on a bound girl.

"Nellie!" screamed a shrill voice, as Nellie was just going off into a delicious day-dream, "what are you doing?"

Nellie hastily snatched up a pail which she had heedlessly dropped, filled it with water from the river, and turned homeward.

Miss Margaret met her at the garden gate, wrath in her cold gray eyes, and her hair in stiff curl papers, that always reminded Nellie of porcupine quills.

"What on earth were you standing there for, staring at the sky?" she exclaimed, as Nellie reached her side. "Did I not tell you to hurry? Mr. Jamison will be here presently. Give me that bucket; you know I'm always a fright when I don't bathe my face in that river water."

Nellie meekly handed over the pail, with a mirthful twinkle in her bright, dark eyes, for Mr. Jamison was the new minister, a man popular for his eloquence and many virtues; and Miss Allen, who was at least ten years his senior, had been one of the first ladies in his congregation to impress him favorably, for the zeal with which she entered into all his charitable projects was truly encouraging.

"Now, Nellie," said Miss Margaret, when they reached the doorstep, "go into the parlor and see that the light is not too glaring. You know I always look best when the light is mellow."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then bring in some fresh water and have the cake in readiness. Mr. Jamison is a lover of good cake. And do, for pity's sake, keep yourself out of his sight. If he caught a glimpse of you, he would think I had established a ragged school."

Nellie stood under the hall lamp, looking up at Miss Margaret, who had paused on the stairs to deliver this last order.

"It is not my fault if I am in rags," flashed out Nellie, with flaming cheeks. "I have not a decent dress in the world."

"You have as good as I can afford," grumbled Miss Margaret, frowning at the young girl, whose bright loveliness startled her. "Every cent I can spare must go to the heathen this winter. Now go about your work, and no more complaints."

Nellie turned slowly into the parlor, a smile playing about her ripe lips. She was nervously twitching at the torn sleeves of her waterproof dress, and started back aghast when her eyes fell on a tall figure that stood between her and the light; a curious light in the clear blue eyes, that seemed to take in Nellie's outfit from head to foot.

"Mr. Jamison!" she exclaimed, with a sort of gasp, "I did not expect to meet you here."

"Doubtless not. Miss Allen must have been out of the house when I came in, as I saw no one. Do you wish to see her?" said Mr. Jamison, gently, looking keenly at the young girl, whom he supposed to be one of Miss Allen's needy neighbors, as he had often noticed her in some retired corner of his church, poorly dressed and so sad looking, that he had often longed to say some kind word to her.

"Me!" echoed Nellie, with an amused smile. "I live here."

"Live here! With Miss Allen?"

"Live with Miss Allen!" with a merry laugh at Mr. Jamison's surprise. "I am her bound-girl, and of no account to anybody."

"Strange!" said Mr. Jamison, with a compassionate glance at this ill clad domestic heathen. "I have been a frequent visitor at this house for the last three months, and never met you."

"I never see anyone" replied Nellie, shyly lifting her eyes to the face that, for the last three months, she had been studying with an admiration that seemed almost a sin.

"How old are you?"

"I will be eighteen on St. Valentine's eve."

"Ah! You will be free then."

There was a world of relief in Mr. Jamison's voice. He gazed reflectively into the fire a moment or two, then looked at Nellie, who was nervously turning down the lights, until the room was bathed in a mellow glow that heightened the beauty of her own rosy face wonderfully.

"Miss ——," began Mr. Jamison, slowly.——

"Call me Nellie, Nellie Blaine, please!" interrupted Nellie, with a blush.

"Well, Nellie, what do you propose to do with yourself after St. Valentine's day? Stay with Miss Allen, of course."

"No," cried Nellie, with a look of dismay; "I will die first."

Mr. Jamison looked serious. He had thought himself a good judge of human nature; but it struck him there must be a page in Miss Allen's life that was a sealed book to the world's eyes.

"If you need a friend, remember no one will help you so readily as your pastor," he said, as Nellie was flitting out of the room. She nodded her thanks, her eyes meeting his one moment, with a glance that strangely upset the grave minister's thoughts. In fact, he was so thoughtful and reserved all that evening, that Miss Allen, with all her blandishments failed to arouse him, and petulantly remarked to Nellie the next morning that he scarcely tasted the cake—after her wasting a dozen of eggs in its concoction.

The next Sabbath, Mr. Jamison preached a stirring sermon from the text: "The poor ye have always with you." The little rosy face, and shining eyes in the shadowy corner, gave him inspiration, and the clasp of her little brown fingers after service, was a blissful reward; for there was something in Nellie's face that told him, his words were a heavenly balm to the lonely girl-heart.

"Was not that splendid, Nellie?" Miss Allen remarked to her bound girl, as she stood before the dining-room grate, after her walk from church.

"What?" Nellie said, absently.

"Why, that sermon of Mr. Jamison's. Why Mrs. Latham looked like a condemned criminal. Everybody knows she uses that bound girl of hers like a heathen."

Nellie looked amused.

"She is better clad, and better fed, than some people I know of." she said.

"Yourself for instance," snapped Miss Allen, her forty-year old face flushing hotly. "But you have better clothing than you deserve."

"I have done my duty to you," quietly returned Nellie, thinking a little bitterly of the years of thankless bondage she had spent in this woman's service. "I have had no girlhood—no youth; have gone half-clad, comfortless and unloved all my life," she added, drearily, more to herself than to Miss Allen, who was selfishly hugging to her heart the delusion that Mr. Jamison's sermon did not suit *her*.

Mr. Jamison came to the farmhouse almost daily now, and somehow it happened that in going out, or coming in, he met Nellie, who watched for his footfall, with an eagerness that sent a rich glow into her round cheeks. She never dreamt this sudden flushing of cheek or brow, at his slightest smile, or some trifling act of kindness, meant anything but a respectful esteem for his worth as a minister, on her part; or the interest he plainly manifested in her favor was anything but the result of that almost divine compassion, which led him to follow the commands of his Master with such zeal and courage.

While his coming made the hours brighter for Nellie, Miss Allen was jubilant with excitement. She had long angled for a husband, who would suit her tastes, socially and morally; but none had been so blind as to see the tempting baits she held out to them. Mr. Jamison was a man to attract any woman, and Margaret Allen, with the obstinacy of an old maid, who can never see they *are* an old maid, laid siege to his heart, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. But Mr. Jamison was willing to discuss any subject with her but love, although, as she remarked to Nellie, actions speak louder than words, and surely his visits to the farmhouse were actuated by some deeper than love for the heathens.

"I have given more money to the missionaries this winter than I ever did in my life before," grumbled Miss Allen one Sabbath evening, "and what have I gained by it. Nellie, you can take a walk if you wish too."

For the light in Nellie's eyes had grown so sparkling of late that her mistress was glad to have the fresh young face out of her sight.

Nellie, rejoiced at the respite, took up her hood and ran out of the house into the balmy twilight of this February evening, for the spring-like softness still lingered, and the grass was springing up in the warm sunny meadows where Nellie loved to ramble. Her heart was full of sweet, undefined longings—longings for home, and home caresses, for some pure life of simple love that would flow on like some peaceful river, when Mr. Jamison came upon her, leaning against a stile, with a rapt look in her beautiful eyes.

"Nellie," he said, in his gentle way, taking the slim brown hands in his, "I am glad I met you. My life is full of cares and crosses and discouragements, and I always feel as if there was something in your honest sympathy that rests me."

"How can I benefit you?" Nellie says, shyly—"I who am so poor and weak and friendless."

"In many ways."

And I think Mr. Jamison succeeded in convincing Nellie that she was of some account to him, for, as they strayed down the path towards his church, her face grew absolutely dazzling, and her laugh rang out like a happy child's.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Nellie?" Mr. Jamison said at parting—"anything that will make your life brighter."

Nellie's eyes drooped beneath the tender glance of the clear blue eyes, but a second later she looked up roguishly and said:

"You—you might send me a Valentine."

He laughed the cheerful laugh of a man who is at peace with himself and all the world.

"You shall have one, Nellie—mind, I do not say it will be from me."

But Nellie knew it would certainly be from him, and walked back to the house with a hymn on her lips, while the holy calm of the Sabbath twilight deepened around her, and a robin, high up in the locusts, burst out into a happy song, as if to re-echo her gladness.

* * * * *

"Nellie," Miss Allen said to her on St. Valentine's Eve, "Mr. Jamison was here to-day."

As if Nellie did not know. As if her hand had not rested one instant in his, and his glance sent her back to her work with a light heart.

"Well," she said, going on with her ironing placidly.

"And he said he would be here in the morning to ask me to give up something I ought to be very loth to part with. Now, Nellie, do you think I ought to hesitate to give my heart into the keeping of such a good man, for I am sure that is what he wants."

Nellie looked pityingly at the faded face of the woman who sat before the kitchen fire, gazing into the coals, with a sentimental expression in her dull eyes, and regretted that she would be the cause of another disappointment to this unsatisfied heart, that still craved the love and admiration that had by some mischance missed her in her girlhood.

"What do you say, Nellie?" she went on; "will I marry him or not? I think I would be a good wife, and a useful one."

"Marry him by all means, Miss Margaret, if he asks you," was Nellie's low reply, her own heart thumping rebelliously all the while.

"If he asks me! He will certainly do that," said Miss Margaret, in her self-satisfied way. "Then, when my future is settled, I will arrange for yours."

Nellie blushed rosier than ever, her thoughts going out from that hot, close kitchen, to St. Valentine, who, even now, was busy gathering up loving missives and quaint devices to send afloat among the youths and maidens who watched for their coming with such eager eyes.

What would come for her? A heart, a hand, or, better than all, the love of an upright, pure-minded man, whose love was almost too great, too grand, and too glorious for a poor, unlearned girl like Nellie, who had learned such patient lessons of love and forbearance in the hard school of dependence?

All that February night Nellie's dreams were disturbed by the fluttering of white pinions and the dropping of wonderful love missives on her little dingy couch. But she was up with the dawn, the light of inward peace on her radiant face, the smiles of content wreathing her red lips.

Miss Margaret was wandering about the house, restless and watchful.

"He's coming, Nellie," she said at last, as Mr. Jamison's tall figure came in sight. "I declare I don't see how I will get through the ordeal decently. Hand me my salts, Nellie."

Nellie obeyed, then crept softly out of the room. On the side piazza she laid her hand in Mr. Jamison's broad palm.

"I will be your valentine, Nellie," he said softly. "Will you take me?"

"Oh, Mr. Jamison! I am not worthy of you—indeed I am not," Nellie said, with a quiver in her fresh, young voice.

"Take me, Nellie," he urged; "St. Valentine himself could not offer you a better one."

He laughed, and Nellie blushed hotly, but finally held up her lips for his kisses.

"Mr. Jamison—Nellie!" screamed a hysterical voice, and wheeling around suddenly, the lovers saw the passion-distorted face of Miss Margaret. She was holding to the door knob for support, and really looked as if she was going to faint.

"What do you mean—by kissing Nellie?" she demanded, angrily.

"It means," said Mr. Jamison, coming forward, gravely, "that Nellie has given me the right to be her protector for life."

Then, in his grave, gentle way, the young minister told Miss Allen how dear the little bound girl was to him, and how much he needed her strong faith and patient love to help him with his Master's work.

"What will people think," snapped Miss Allen, "of you marrying a girl you never spoke to until two weeks ago?"

"That it is a freak of St. Valentine's," quietly responded Mr. Jamison, putting his arm around Nellie, who he knew was above reproach.

"And I thought—I thought——" groaned Miss Allen, turning away in disgust.

But no one but herself and Nellie knew what she thought on the subject of Mr. Jamison's marriage.

Debt.—There is no worse demoralizer of character. The sad records of defaulting, embezzling and dishonest failures which we meet with so constantly in the daily press, are often, indeed most frequently, the results of the demoralization of debt, and consequent desperate efforts at extrication. The financial props have given way. The little debt, which at first was small as a grain of mustard seed, like the rolling snow-ball, has gathered weight and multiplied itself a thousandfold. And still it grows, and like the fabulous hydra which Hercules was sent to kill, you no sooner strike off one head than two shoot up in its place. The struggle is severe, and in the end decisive; either confession is made of a hopeless bankruptcy which might and should have been avoided, or integrity is sacrificed to the temptation of the moment. Debt ruins as many households and destroys as many fine characters as rum; it is the devil's mortgage on the soul, and he is always ready to foreclose.

We are born in hope; we pass our childhood in hope; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives; and in our last moments hope is flattering to us, and not till the beating of the heart shall cease will its benign influence leave us.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

Among the receipts at the Centennial rooms was the sum of $3 000, received for the concession of the privilege to sell "pop-corn" in the Centennial grounds.

Newhall, the American cricketer, is in England, authorized by the Philadelphia clubs to negotiate for a visit to the Centennial of the "Gentlemen of England Eleven." It is thought that the "Zingari" and "All Ireland" teams also can be induced to come.

Flood & O'Brien, managers of the Consolidated Virginia and California mines, will send to the Exhibition the entire product of their mines for the month of May, which will comprise about one hundred and fifty tons of gold and silver bullion, and $10,000,000 worth of ores of these metals.

An Indianapolis firm will exhibit $100,000 worth of granite and marble tombstones, monuments and tilings, including the $10,000 shaft prepared for the grave of the late General Sol. Meredith. The monument is thirty-eight feet high, and surmounted by a life-size statue of the deceased soldier.

Thus early in the Centennial year some prominent exhibitors have already completed the articles on which they will rest their reputation next summer. We have had the pleasure of seeing the instruments which the Burdett Organ Company have specially built for the purpose, and can safely say that thus represented, they need not fear any loss of the prestige which their noble instruments have already gained for them.

The Executive Committee of the Literary Association of the Philadelphia Deaf Mute Mission have asked the managers of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Broad and Pine streets, to open the latter place for the accommodation of such deaf mutes as may visit the city during the Exhibition. Lodging accommodations only are asked, and the difficulty deaf mutes will encounter in a visit to this city if such facilities are not extended them can be readily appreciated.

It is announced that the rates of fare from Liverpool to Philadelphia and return have been fixed by the American Line at £20 or $100 in the saloon, and £10 or $50 in the intermediate or second class; these rates being smaller than those of any other trans-Atlantic steamship company. The North German Lloyd Line confines its rates to the saloon at £25; and the White Star Line has fixed the rates of £25 and £21, according to the class for return tickets, and £13 and £15 for single tickets. The steerage return tickets by this line are 10 guineas and single tickets 5 guineas.

Our Republic commenced in 1776, 100 years ago, with thirteen States and 815,615 square miles of territory, which was occupied by about 3,000,000 of civilized human beings. It has now a population of 43,000,000, who occupy thirty-seven States and nine Territories, which embrace over 3,000,000 of square miles. It has 65,000 miles of railroads, more than sufficient to reach twice and a half round the globe. The value of its annual agricultural productions is $3 500,000,000, and its gold mines are capable of producing $70,000,000 a year. It has over 1,000 cotton factories, 580 daily newspapers, 4 300 weeklies, and 625 monthly publications.

Application has been made for the erection of a Jewish restaurant on the Centennial grounds, where meals can be furnished to Israelites who adhere to the dietary laws. As there has been such a saloon at the Expositions of Paris, London, and Vienna, there is no doubt the Centennial Commission will grant the permission. Ministers of various Hebrew congregations have endorsed the application, and a person has been placed forward, under whose supervision the restaurant will be properly conducted. It is stated that from 50,000 to 75,000 Israelites will visit the city, the majority of whom adhere to the dietary laws of the Jewish religion.

Among the many notable sciences and arts to be represented in the forthcoming Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, æronautics are not to be forgotten. The veteran Professor Samuel A. King, of Buffalo, one of the most successful æronauts in the world, has applied to the Park Commission for privilege to operate a dozen first-class balloons in Fairmount Park during the Centennial. He proposes to erect a tasteful building for the storage of his aerial fleet, and to prepare balloons and all necessary apparatus of the best quality, at an expense of some $30,000 or $40,000, and to depend upon passenger fees for his profits. He will make both captive and free ascensions, and there can be no doubt that such an enterprise will add considerably to the attractions of the Exposition. Professor King is well qualified to carry out this enterprise with brilliant results.

The allotment of space for the exhibits of foreign countries in Machinery Hall has been begun, and spaces, designated by different colored lines, have been marked for different countries in the eastern section of the building. The allotments of space to individual foreign exhibitors will be made by the commission of the country to which the exhibitor may belong. Of the allotments thus far made Great Britain has much the largest share, occupying 37,125 square feet, of which 1,400 square feet are in the department for the exhibition of hydraulic machinery. The following are the spaces, so far as allotted: Germany, 10,757 square feet; France, 10,139 square feet; Belgium, 9,375 square feet; Canada, 4 300 square feet; Brazil, 4,000 square feet; Sweden, 3,168 square feet; Spain, 2,448 square feet; Russia, 1,500 square feet; Austria, 1,536 square feet. Germany has also been allotted in the department for hydraulic machinery 750 feet, which was included in the above statement.

The Mexicans are taking a great interest in the International Exhibition. The Mexican government has constructed a large building in the Alameda, in the City of Mexico, where the resources of that country will be placed on exhibition, and from which the articles to be sent to Philadelphia for exhibition will be selected. Among them will be steam engines, boilers, sugar and flour machinery, articles of filigree work, gold and silver. There will also be delicate feather work, tlaxcalo, exquisite wax flowers and fruits. Circulars have been sent to the various States of the Republic, calling on the inhabitants to make a complete representation of their manufactures and natural resources. Among the minerals represented will be lava, basalt, and sulphur from the celebrated crater of Popocatapetl. There will also be tobacco, cigars, urns and vases, chocolate in all its forms, and a grand collection of all the birds of Mexico, gloves of all colors, choice specimens of porcelain ware decorated by chromos, and, as a climax, the costumes of Mexico from the time of discovery until the present, placed on life-size figures.

One of the most singular objects to be displayed at the Centennial Exhibition will be a section of the travelling sidewalk, an American invention for solving the problem of rapid transit in cities. This traveling sidewalk, as it is generally called, but more properly an endless railway train, will be half a mile in length, operated by stationary engines, and run at a speed of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. The transfer seats and all other appliances will be of the same size as those intended for general use, by which means passengers may get on or off the train with ease and safety without slacking the speed of the train. This novel mode of traveling has attracted much attention of late, and charters for putting it in practice in New York were twice passed by both branches of the New York Legislature, but vetoed by Governor Dix as being an experiment. It is the purpose of the company, after the close of the exhibition, to transport the road and exhibit it in London, Paris, and other cities. Mr. Spear, the inventor, grants the free use of his patent for this purpose, in order to develope it, and prove the practicability of running an endless belt of cars in crowded cities without stops.

The committee having the aquarial display to be held in Agricultural Hall, Centennial buildings, in charge, have awarded the contract for building the large and small tanks to Mr. E. W. Taxis, of Philadelphia. We understand that there will be some twenty-five or thirty tanks in all, some iron and others wood, having polished plate glass sides from ¾ to 1 inch in thickness. The largest of them is to be 20 feet long, 7 feet wide, and 4 feet deep. This tank will hold about 4,200 gallons and weigh when full 18 tons, the water alone weighing about 16 tons. This tank will probably have to be supported by a special foundation. It will be used for the display of marine fish, etc. There will be two other tanks of half the capacity of the one mentioned above, the frames of these three will be of wood, and it has been found necessary to order the glass, which is to be 1 inch thick, especially from Europe. The next smaller in size will be of iron frames, 78 inches long, 30 inches wide, and 20 inches deep, with a countersunk bottom, with a ¾-inch thick polished plate-glass sides. These will be the largest tanks, made solely of best iron and glass, that have ever been made in this country. There will be four of this size, and they will be used for the fresh-water fish. The rest of the aquaria will range from those just mentioned down to two feet in length, and will all be of cast-iron frames. The tanks will all be placed upon tables of uniform height, and so positioned as to be lighted from the surface of the water, which, in some of the tanks, will have to be refrigerated to the temperature of 40° to 45° for fish indigenous to our mountain streams and northern locations, where the temperature seldom ranges higher than those points.

OUR
BOYS
&
GIRLS

GRIP'S CORNER.

CROAKINGS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Force and the Wind.—No doubt many of my little readers have heard of the wager which two men recently made regarding the eating capacity of one of them. Silly as the wager might have seemed to many, it attracted much attention, and it was only the other day that one of the great newspapers of the West, the *Globe*, of St. Louis, gave its opinion as to the chances of each man's winning. The wager was to the effect that one of the two men could not eat a quail a day, for thirty days in succession. He bet that he could, while the other bet that it could not be done. The birds were to be prepared in any way and to be eaten alone or with anything else chosen; but every day for a month one of them must be eaten.

Now, no doubt many of you feel inclined to laugh at the idea of any dispute as to the accomplishment of such an easy task by any healthy, hearty man. It seems to be as pleasant as it is easy, but the main difficulty, you must know, does not lie in the size, style or other peculiarity of the dish, nor in any ordinary lack of appetite. It lies in the fact of being *compelled* to do a certain thing, at a stated time, whether we wish to do it or not, and the effect of this compulsion is so strong on the mind that of a thousand who would undertake the task, probably not more than five hundred would pass their plates for quail on the sixteenth day. This is not the case where the appetite only is concerned, but applies, with but very little variation, to almost every task of compulsion, where we are free to neglect the task at the risk of the reward, or the loss of the attached penalty, however, which is still more remarkable, and to Grip's certain knowledge is true.

Some years ago, about the time that Mr. Dickens drew his pen-picture of Rogue Riderhood, there was found in London an old rag-picker who had never seen London Bridge, although his lifetime had been passed within a mile of it. A club of gentlemen, probably the same one to which Phineas Fogg belonged, accidentally heard of the old man's lack of curiosity and resolved to try an experiment upon him. They accordingly called to see him, ascertained that he had never seen the bridge, and offered him a certain yearly pension, sufficient for his modest wants, provided he would promise *never* to see that structure.

The old man's eyes glistened as he put his mark to the receipt for the first year's pension, which was paid in advance, and he chuckled at the easy way in which his declining years had been provided for. As he had never cared to see the bridge before, he certainly would not now, when he was paid for not seeing it. You would scarcely believe, and yet it is true, that in less than a year the old rag-picker died—died of a broken heart because he could not see London Bridge. His word had been pledged and he would not break it, although it broke his heart to keep it, and before the first year's pension had been earned, the experiment was over. So you see it is not the mere eating of the quail that causes an occasional break-down, but the fact of being compelled to go through with a task which would perhaps be pleasant enough, if done of our own free will.

Byron's Dog.—Every now and then we read of some new and imposing monument erected to the memory of some man whose great deeds seem to demand perpetuity. England has nearly as many of fine marbles as she has starving paupers, and of most of these you may read in more than one book of travels. One however, has been generally neglected, and I do not remember ever having seen its description in print. Lord Byron, of whom you have heard from Grip if from no one else, was a strong-willed, selfish man, and though possessing many noble traits, did not reckon love for his fellow man among them. He placed his friendship only where he felt no distrust, and hence we can easily understand why on the death of his favorite dog, he erected a marble monument over the grave, bearing the following inscription:

Near this spot
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise which would be unmeaning Flattery,
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
Boatswain, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland,
May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey,
November, 1808.

A Queer Stepmother.—No doubt many of you think that a stepmother or stepfather is the least desirable possession in the world—young David Copperfield thought so—and you are quite willing to share what is termed the "popular prejudice" against all who are placed in authority over little ones by marriage. But what would you think of a hawk becoming stepmother to a brood of little chickens? The hawk, you know, is a bird of prey, just as the fox is a beast of prey, and the pet food of both is a nice plump spring chicken, and they don't go to market like some people I have heard of do, and buy "spring" chickens some eighteen months old; not a bit of it. They just pounce down in the barn yard, take a quick look around, and swoop off with the tenderest and the "spring-est" young chicken in the yard. So we would hardly select a hawk as a stepmother for any brood of young chickens. I know that if the chickens were ravens, I would not like to see them left to the tender (?) care of any practical hawk, whether the hawk's name was Sir Mulberry or not.

An English farmer, however, has tried the experiment. He caught a hawk, tamed it and set it upon some common chicken eggs from his barnyard. When the eggs broke and the little scamperers appeared, stepmother hawk took them under her wing and wouldn't even allow the hens of the yard to come near her wards. She wouldn't trust them out of her sight, and when a stray dog or cat came about, notice to quit was at once given. She stayed with her step-brood until they were all grown, and some of them began to have broods of their own. So much for one stepmother. Are you right sure that there are not more like her?

Cutting a Dido.—Some eight hundred and seventy years before the year 1, as we count, Queen Dido fled from Tyre, after the murder of her husband, and with a few friends and followers, began a settlement on the northern coast of Africa, to which she gave the name of Carthage. When she decided upon the location of the future city, she made a bargain with the nations for the purchase of as much land as she could put a bull's hide around. You may be sure that they readily gave her permission to measure, at a very small cost, but imagine the surprise of those simple natives when the queen took a large bull's hide, and cutting it into strips so thin as to be like ordinary kite string, tied these strips together and with their united length measured around a space which was the entire site of the future city.

A pretty sharp trick, wasn't it? The natives stuck to their part of the bargain, and gave her the land, but politely declined to do any more land-measuring with bull hides. After the colony grew a little, the queen did not care to buy any more land. She did just as we used to do and still do, sometimes, with the red man—she took it. But long after Queen Dido's death, any piece of knavery was called "cutting a Dido," and it has only been within the last few years that the term has fallen into disuse, from being applied in jest to more harmless transactions.

A blackbird not long since told me that in an old old town hall in Massachusetts he saw a book of town records, dated two hundred years ago, and in it was the following: "Voted—that the town clerk buy half a quire of paper for the use of the town." Fancy a town council voting on such a question nowadays. Paper may have cost more then than now, but if I didn't know that blackbird, I wouldn't believe the story.

The Duke of Wellington was a great soldier, perhaps, with the exception of King Henry II and Marlborough, the great warrior of England. He had been accustomed to the rough life of the camp and on the field was notoriously bluff, cross and severe; and yet a linnet who lived in the Duke's iron-girt house, told me once that the last words of the Iron Duke were "if you please." Just before he died an attendant asked whether he would have some tea. Wellington said, "Yes, if you please," drank the tea, looked his thanks and never spoke again. If the great marshal of England thought it worth while to say "if you please," wouldn't it be a good sentence for some of us, who are not field marshals, to use more frequently?

HOW LONG IT TAKES TO MAKE A SLICE OF BREAD.

"Oh, I'm so hungry!" cried Johnny, running in from play, "give me some bread and butter, quick, mother!"

"The bread is baking, so you must be patient," said mother.

Johnny waited two minutes and then asked if it was not done.

"No," answered mother, "not quite yet."

"It seems to take a long while to make a slice of bread," said Johnny.

"Perhaps you don't know, Johnny, how long it does take to make a slice of bread," said mother.

"How long?" asked the little boy.

"The loaf was begun in the spring," —Johnny opened his eyes wide—"it was doing all summer; it could not be finished till the autumn."

Johnny was glad it was autumn if it took all that while; for so long a time to a hungry little boy was rather discouraging.

"Why?" he cried, drawing a long breath.

"Because God is never in a hurry," said mother. "The farmer dropped his seeds in the ground in April," she went on to say, partly to make waiting-time shorter, and more perhaps to drop good seed by the wayside; "but the farmer could not make them grow. An ingenious man could make something that looked like wheat. Indeed, you often see ladies' bonnets trimmed with sprays of wheat made by the milliners, and at first sight you can hardly tell the difference."

"Put them in the ground and see," said Johnny.

"That would certainly decide. The make-believe wheat would lie as still as bits of iron. The real grain would soon make a stir, because the real seeds have life within them, and God only gives life. The farmer, then, neither makes the corn nor makes the corn grow; but drops it into the ground and covers it up, and then leaves it to God. God takes care of it. It is he who sets mother earth nourishing it with her warm juices. He sends the rain, he makes the sun shine, he makes it spring up, first the tender shoot, and then the blades; and it takes May and June and July and August, with all their fair and foul weather, to set up the stalks, throw out the leaves, and ripen the ear. If little boys are starving, the corn grows no faster. God does not hurry his work; he does all things well."

By this time Johnny lost all his impatience. He was thinking.

"Well," he said at last, "that's why we pray to God, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Before now I thought it was you, mother, that gave us daily bread; and now I see it was God. We should not have a slice, if it weren't for God, would we, mother?"

It is a miserable economy to save time by robbing yourself of necessary sleep.

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

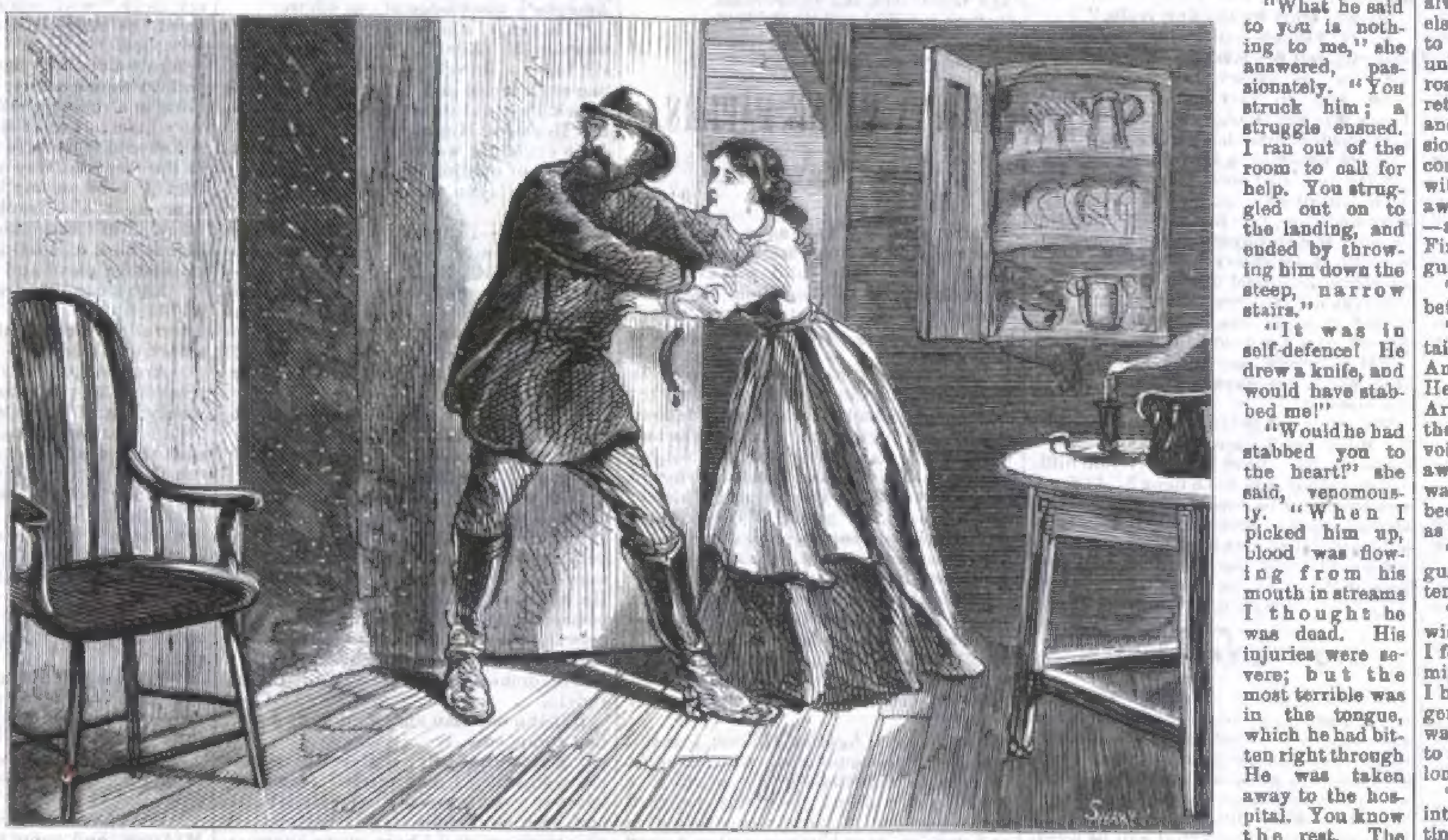
CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Gradually Bertha sank down until she rested at the feet of Sir William. He clasped her head between his hands, and gazed at her through his hot, blinding tears.

"And you are my child, and have lived through all these years, and I ignorant of your existence, my darling! How beautiful you are—but how pale and worn. You are ill!"

"Oh, mother, if you had but lived to see this moment!" burst forth Bertha, with an agony of tears.

"But this mystery—this story of her death? Explain all this to me," he cried, "for as yet I can find no clue to that. Great heavens! in what a net of falsehood and treachery have I been enmeshed! I have trusted, I have believed all, and I have been deceived in all."



"I SAW A MAN WITH A BLACK BEARD STANDING BEFORE ME, AND BEFORE I COULD UTTER A WORD, HE GRASPED HOLD OF MY HANDS."

"And you really believed that my poor mother died years ago?" asked Bertha.

"As truly as I believe that there is a hereafter—and worse than that. Trusting the words of others, I believed that—ay, that has yet to be disproved," he muttered, checking himself.

"And you knew nothing even of my existence?" asked Bertha, not noticing his change of tone.

"Nothing!"

"And have you not received any of the letters she wrote to you?"

"Not one!"

"Oh, mother, mother, and you have gone to your grave thus vilely deceived!" burst forth Bertha. "And I thought that I was coming to a harsh, merciless man, who might even order his servants to drive me from his doors."

"But there are so many things I want explained," said Sir William.

His tone and manner were still gentle, but a shade colder than before, so many unresolved doubts had risen up in his mind within the last few seconds.

"But you have not read those papers yet," she said, quickly. "Doubtless they will explain everything, although I do not know their contents. The writing of them occupied many an hour during the last moments of my dear mother's life. As death approached, her brain became clearer, and at times she half hoped, half dreaded that she had been in some way deceived. She informed me she was writing a brief statement of the causes which brought about her separation from my father, and what her life had been since, so as to remove every shadow of misunderstanding from your mind. She often told me how good, how noble, how generous you were as she had known you, and how strange and unaccountable was the change which *she had been told* had come over you. She often reproached herself for too implicitly confiding in the words of others, and for the hasty impetuosity of her temper. But read for yourself, sir."

During this speech, he had been turning over the closely written leaves of what appeared to be a connected narrative, which he now began to read with earnest attention. How deep was the effect produced upon him by the dead woman's explanations was visible in the workings of his countenance. Now every muscle quivered with indignant rage, now hot tears streamed upon the manuscript, as he discovered in each new sentence how infamously he had been deceived, how cruelly she whom he had never ceased to love had been maligned, and how terribly she had suffered.

When he came to the end, it was with such a look of vengeful bitterness no human being had ever before seen upon the features of William Marney.

"Ring the bell for me, darling," he said, in a suppressed voice. "Tell Mrs. Mastern to step this way," he said to the servant who answered the summons. "And hark! say nothing of this lady's presence. Now, my darling, sit there."

And he placed her in his own chair right facing the door, and shifted the lamp so that its rays should fall directly upon her countenance. Then he moved away to the fireplace, which lay a little in shadow.

A knock at the door. It opened. There was the rustle of a silk dress. Then a white face, transfixed with terror, and bony fingers grasping at the door-post.

"I have prepared a surprise for you, Mrs. Mastern," said Sir William, stepping forward, "and I see it has taken effect."

"Who—who is this?" she gasped, trying to recover herself.

"My daughter," he answered, sternly, taking Bertha in his arms—"the child of her whom your machinations drove mad!"

"Your daughter!" she repeated, rapidly recovering her old composure. "Jonathan Armstrong's, you mean!"

"Abandoned liar!" he cried, giving way to the passion that overwhelmed him. "I have here all the proofs of your monstrous treachery—undeniable proofs! Oh, what a dolt and idiot I have been! There is no punishment too great for my folly! But unhappily, my wretched folly has destroyed the lives of others—made my child an alien from her home—exposed her to misery. You told me my wife had fled, a dishonored wretch, with her old lover, when it was you and that fiend, her brother, who enticed her from her home, told her I was false to her, forged a letter in my handwriting that our marriage was informal and could be set aside: that I intended to avail myself of this circumstance in order to obey my father's wishes by marrying the lady he had selected for me. And, never doubting your truthfulness, she believed this infamous story. A few months afterwards, you told her how the marriage had taken place, and a twelvemonth after that that a son was born to me!

"You knew her proud, sensitive, passionate nature!" he went on, with increasing vehemence. "You knew that she was no vulgar woman, who would blazon her wrongs to the world—who would appeal to the law for redress! You knew that she would rather creep into a hole to hide her supposed shame, and die, and you calculated right! Not even the birth of this innocent child, of whose very existence I was ignorant until now, could turn you aside from your infamous plans! Soon after its birth, the poor mother's reason fled, and by-and-by you took the child away, and confided it to your sister-in-law's husband, by whom it was brought up until within the last two years." And he turned suddenly to Bertha. "Ah! a light breaks in upon me! I see it all! It was you, who Andrew—"

"Yes," she interrupted, hastily, and blushing scarlet; "and Andrew is not, then, your son?"

"My son? Certainly not; he is my nephew—your cousin. But we will talk of this by-and-by." Then turning once more to Mrs. Mastern, he went on in the same tone as before.

"And all this time, poor weak fool that I was, I believed that my poor Frances was living in infamy with Jonathan Armstrong. Such was the foul story you poured into my ears, and backed it by forged proofs! Why have you done this? For what dreadful purpose have you thus destroyed the happiness of three lives?"

During these vituperations, Mrs. Mastern had never moved, but stood motionless as a statue, with her back resting against the closed door. Every feature was rigid as though carved in stone; but as he ceased to speak, the face suddenly started into life, as we see a snake who is disturbed by a passing footstep; and when she spoke, it was in a low, hissing voice, which caused both Sir William and Bertha to shrink backward as from a viper.

"You ask me why I have done all this?" she began. "*You* ask me this? Can your conscience find no answer to that question? Do you think it is only baronets who have hearts; who can love; who can suffer? You have told your story, now listen to mine. I entered this house when I was eighteen—that is forty years ago—as maid to your mother; when she died, I became housekeeper, and did all a servant could do to supply her place to her children. You were always my favorite, and you made me the confidant of all your troubles and all your escapades. I was also the confidant of your love for Frances Dering—of your intention to marry her. I was not such an idiot as to risk the favor of one master upon the doubtful hope of the gratitude of his successor; so to secure myself, I gave your father a hint of what was going on."

"Then it was you who betrayed me to him?" interrupted Sir William.

"It was!" she answered, triumphantly; "but I should have contented myself with putting him on his guard first, sufficiently to exonerate myself from complicity in the future, without taking any active share in thwarting your folly, had not circumstances thereafter converted me into your bitterest enemy. One day, when I was going to London on household business, you asked me to take a letter to Frances. I did so, and that was the first time I saw her brother Arthur."

At the mention of that name, Sir William's color faded, and his head bowed.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. MASTERN EXPLAINS.

"We are coming to the point now," Mrs. Mastern continued, with a bitter smile, as she observed the sudden change in Sir William's countenance. "He showed me great attention; saw me back to the railway station. I was greatly struck with his handsome face and pleasing manners. We met again and again. It was a monstrous folly, was it not, for an ugly woman of forty to fall in love with a man of five-and-twenty? But I did!" she cried fiercely; "and he married me two days after you espoused his sister. My situation was too good to be lightly thrown up; and so, by his advice, we kept our marriage secret. Sometimes he visited me clandestinely here, and as often as I could I went up to London to his house. Do you remember the night that you surprised me there? You will never forget it, no more than I shall; when you lie upon your death-bed, William Marney, it will be among your last remembrances. I told you I had come to see Frances, who was staying there at the time. She was out. Arthur had been drinking, and was very excited that night. He asked you when you intended to make your nuptials public; words ensued; you struck him."

"He struck me first," interrupted Sir William. "He insulted me grossly; but that I would have endured for Frances' sake, but I could not take a blow."

"What he said to you is nothing to me," she answered, passionately. "You struck him; a struggle ensued. I ran out of the room to call for help. You struggled out on to the landing, and ended by throwing him down the steep, narrow stairs."

"It was in self-defence! He drew a knife, and would have stabbed me!"

"Would he had stabbed you to the heart!" she said, venomously. "When I picked him up, blood was flowing from his mouth in streams I thought he was dead. His injuries were severe; but the most terrible was in the tongue, which he had bitten right through He was taken away to the hospital. You know the rest. The tongue festered. There was but one chance to save his life—a desperate one, in which the odds for death were overwhelming. It was to cut out the tongue. It was done, and he lived through it, to pass the remainder of his days in dumbness."

Here she broke down—her voice stifled by the dry sobs that filled her throat.

"It was an accident!" said Sir William, in a low, trembling voice, and wiping away the drops of perspiration from his pallid brow. "He brought it upon himself. I threw him off to save my own life, never thinking of the stairs that lay behind. But such extenuations have not softened my remorse, which has been as deep and bitter as though it had been a voluntary act—aye, as though it had been premeditated. I had no suspicion of the relations which subsisted between you and him, until you revealed them in your ravings. All the atonement I could make, I have made. I gave him a considerable sum of money; and as soon as my father's death rendered me master of the property, I settled two hundred and fifty pounds a year upon him, besides what I allow you. It was the only atonement in my power."

"Poor, indeed!" she said, bitterly. "Had you given him all you possessed in the world, could it have compensated him for the curse of dumbness? You blighted his life and mine, and from that hour I vowed, and he vowed, that your life also should be blighted. Under a pledge of silence, I told your father of your secret marriage, and promised to rid you of the encumbrance, for which I was to be handsomely rewarded. I need not tell you how well I succeeded."

"But why confound the innocent with the guilty? It was Frances who was the victim, far more than me. What were my sufferings compared to what she endured?"

"Through her only I could make you suffer."

"Wretch! But why carry your vengeance even to this poor child?"

"Do you think I would have allowed you that consolation?" she cried. "I loved to see you in your wifeless, childless solitude, eating away your heart, as mine has been eaten, by cankers. There was one morsel of revenge you defrauded me of. I would have had you marry again, when you were happy, I would have launched the madwoman like a thunderbolt among you, and have had you dragged to a prison as a felon. It was for that I made you believe that Frances was dead."

"Oh, father, send this dreadful woman away; do not let her utter another word!" cried Bertha, who all the while had clung closely to Sir William, listening to the dialogue, white with terror.

"Oh, do not fear; you will not be troubled by my presence much longer," said Mrs. Mastern, casting upon her a look of hatred. "But I would have you both know how egregiously you have been fooled. It was I who sent the forged telegram that separated you from your lover; it was I who released the boy two days ago, telling him that you intended to prosecute him, and giving him two sovereigns instead of your promised one; and all the time you were seeking him, he lay concealed in my room between the bed and the mattress. I saw that your suspicions were aroused, but even then I contrived to defy them. My vengeance will still work. You have married your niece to the son of your deadliest enemy, who will— But no, I will not tell you that," she said, suddenly checking herself; "for it would be to put you upon your guard against one who will work you further mischief."

"But I can tell him—I can warn him of his danger!" cried Bertha, spiritedly. "Your revenge is over, and it has recoiled upon yourself. Your husband is in the custody of the police as a receiver of stolen goods, together with the woman whom he calls his wife, and who, I believe, considers herself to be so!"

A ghastly change came over the vengeful face; the look of triumph died out; she made a gasping effort to speak, and then fell, overpowered by passion, upon the ground.

CHAPTER XX.

MORE EXPLANATIONS.

Two hours afterwards, father and daughter were sitting side by side, hand clasped in hand, before the library fire. It was growing very late, but he could not separate from his new-found treasure while a confidence was withheld. There were so many questions to ask, so many obscure points that he desired cleared up. Much of the conversation that passed between them would be uninteresting to the reader, and we shall detail only such portion of it as bore upon the events of the story.

"But you have as yet told me nothing of that time when you and Andrew were lovers."

"You know that his companion was Mr. James Armstrong," began Bertha, her face suddenly assuming a grave expression. "I never liked Mr. Armstrong; an instinctive feeling made me always shun him, especially when no one else was near. I soon had good reason to justify my aversion. One evening, unknown to Andrew, he came down the road to Ambleside, to meet me as I was returning home. His manner was rude and bold. He professed to make passionate love to me; told me, in pretended confidence, that Andrew was only trifling with my affections; that when he went away he would never think of me again—and much more to the same effect. Finding that I repulsed him with disgust, he proceeded almost to insult."

"The villain!" muttered Sir William, between his clenched teeth.

"Just, however, as we came to a certain part of the road, I caught sight of Andrew sitting upon a piece of rock. He, also, had come to meet me. Mr. Armstrong contrived to get away over the hills, but Andrew had heard our voices, and had seen his shadow flitting away. I was much perplexed, and he was anxious to know to whom I had been talking. I warded off his questions as well as I could——"

"You should have put him upon his guard against the treachery of his pretended friend," said Sir William.

"I should have done so, but I did not wish to arouse strife between them, and I feared lest Andrew's excitable temper might lead him into some rash act. But I have yet to tell another and yet stranger event that befell me that day. I always went into Ambleside once a week to collect the rents of some cottages belonging to my father—I mean Mr.——"

"Do not change the name, darling," interrupted Sir William, gently. "Continue to call those good people father and mother; they better deserve your filial affection than I do. You shall show them, ere long, how deeply grateful I am for their love of you."

Bertha raised his hand to her lips, and, kissing it lovingly, proceeded with her narrative.

"On the day I have been speaking of, upon entering one of the cottages, the peasant's wife presented me with a letter, which she said had been left for me by a dumb man that morning. It was directed simply 'Bertha,' and contained these lines:

"'Beware of Andrew Marney. You can never be his wife; an insuperable barrier stands between you. Neglect this warning, and henceforth your life will be one of never-ending remorse.'

"Strange to say, it was on that very night Andrew wrung from me a reluctant avowal of my love. The mysterious letter produced a strange effect upon me. I felt as though I ought not to neglect its warning. While seeking in my mind for some way of evading an answer, he proposed to submit himself to a six months' probation. The time passed away. He returned just in time to save my life. I could no longer hold him off without any shadow of a pretence," she continued, "but in his presence that warning, which during his absence I had almost forgotten, began to haunt me again. I know that my strange, preoccupied manner often puzzled and annoyed him. Two nights before the day appointed for our marriage he received a telegram, calling him to attend his uncle's death-bed."

"The telegram forged by that vile woman," interrupted Sir William.

"He stopped his chaise at the inn door, as he was driving to Windermere, to tell me what had happened. When I heard of this sudden interruption to our union, I believed it to be a confirmation of the warning I had received—an interposition of Providence to save me from mysterious sin. I was almost thankful for it. He had not long proceeded on his journey, when a knock came to the door. Thinking it was some belated traveller who wanted refreshment or to inquire his way, I rose and answered it. When I opened the door, I saw a man with a black beard standing before me, and before I could utter a word, he grasped hold of my hands, and looking around the room to see if we were alone, he whispered in a gruff, half-menacing tone of voice, 'You have neglected the warning that was sent you, and now it is necessary that the whole truth must be told. Be at the field gate which stands about a quarter of a mile distant, to-morrow. Be sure and come alone, as otherwise, no one will address you.' I could not repress a cry, at which the unknown messenger, having fulfilled his errand, turned and was soon lost to view in the darkness of the night.

"I resolved to keep the appointment, and set my doubts at rest.

"At the first glimmer of daylight, I stole down stairs, unlocked the door, and closing it softly after me, hurried up the road. There, at the appointed spot, in the pale, gray light, I saw the man who had given me the message, waiting my coming. A few yards beyond him was a chaise, towards which he walked upon perceiving me, so that when I came up to him, he was standing close beside it. Looking out of the window, was a woman's pale, haggard face. Scarcely had I time to observe her, when she sprang out into the road, clasped me in her arms, and called me by every endearing name, telling me she was my mother."

"Was not this a great shock to you?" asked Sir William.

"It was; but not so great as it would have been had not my parents, a little time previously, informed me how I came to be committed to their care. My mother said that I must return to my home no more, but go away with her, in order to break off all connection with Andrew Marney. I went into the chaise like one in a dream, and we drove away. I have scarcely any remembrance of what passed during the remainder of that day. I felt crushed beneath the revelation which had been made to me—almost deprived of sense. But let me bring my story to a close. It brings up memories too painful to be dwelt upon. By-and-by, we arrived in London. I wrote a line to inform my dear parents in Cumberland that I was under my mother's care, but conjured them not to mention to Mr. Marney that they had heard from me. It was not long," she went on, in a low, sad tone, "before I became sensible of my poor mother's dreadful malady; and even worse than that, if possible, how completely she was under the tyranny of her terrible brother. What my poor mother suffered at his hands! and she was wholly dependent upon him."

"My poor Frances!" exclaimed Sir William, wiping away his tears. "Did you not tell Andrew that this villain was your husband?"

"He compelled me to do it; threatening, if I refused, to wreak unheard-of cruelties upon my mother; and I knew, from experience, he would keep his word. Besides, it was necessary to impress upon him that the barrier which divided us was insurmountable."

"But why did you not tell Andrew the truth; or rather what you believed to be the truth?"

"Because my mother had bound me by a solemn oath, never, without her permission, to reveal her secret. They had told her you had been repeatedly appealed to, both upon her and upon my behalf, but that you had thrust the messengers from your doors with ignominy."

"The wretches!" groaned Sir William. "Did Mrs. Mastern ever visit you?"

"Never; but I often heard my mother speak of her as Mrs. Dering. Why is she called Mastern?"

"It is her maiden name, which—her marriage being unknown to anyone here excepting myself—she continued to retain."

There was silence, and father and daughter mingled their tears over the memory of the dead.

"Stay!" exclaimed Bertha, suddenly. "So wrapt have I been in my own selfish griefs, that I had almost forgotten to deliver a message from one, but for whom I should not be here at this moment. Fortunately, her safety is in no way imperilled by my neglect."

"Ah, I remember! You mentioned my niece's name. What of her?" asked Sir William, his face assuming a stern expression.

Bertha now took up her narrative from the time of her mother's funeral, and related how, while lying prostrate with grief upon the couch in Church Road she had suddenly felt a man's arms thrown around her; how, upon raising her head, a handkerchief upon which chloroform had been poured, had been pressed to her nose, after which she had immediately become insensible: how her first remembrance was being carried out of a cab, up some steps, towards a house that seemed right away in the country; and how she discovered that she was once more in the hands of Arthur Dering; how the woman of the house, whom he called his wife, searched her for the papers which he knew her mother had confided to her care; how she had been a close prisoner; how, on the following morning, she had been horrified by seeing James Armstrong, accompanied by the dumb man, enter her room; how the former had again made professions of love to her, and this time actually offered her his hand; how she had refused all his offers with scorn, and he had gone away threatening vengeance. Then she went on to tell the adventures of the next morning, and of her escape—thanks to Harriet's bold plan.

"How, even when I had got free of the house, my trembling limbs contrived to support my body, I cannot tell," she continued; "for as my feet touched the road, I thought I should have fallen down in a swoon. And as I hurried on in the direction which had been indicated to me, I was obliged, spite of the confusion of my brain, to mark every turn I took, in order that I might be able to find my way back. After several inquiries, I discovered a police-station. At first, the inspector seemed to listen to my somewhat incoherent narrative with an air of suspicion. He asked me for a description of the man who owned the house. The moment I began to describe him, a look of deep interest came into his face; and when I said that he was dumb, he interrupted me with, 'That will do; he's a man I want.' Five minutes later, I was retracing my steps, accompanied by two policemen. I would fain have directed them to the house, and have gone on my way, for even under their protection I felt afraid to return to my prison; but they would not hear of this. As we ascended the steps, we heard loud cries for help. 'Ah, they are killing her!' I exclaimed, in an agony of fear. In a moment the constables had smashed through the parlor window, and made an entrance.

"It appears I had scarcely got clear of the house when the woman, perhaps half suspecting that something was wrong, went up to the room in which Mrs. Armstrong had locked herself, and demanded admittance. Her answer was to directly pile all the furniture she could move against the door as a barricade. The woman's suspicions now thoroughly aroused, she threatened to break open the door. Your niece made no answer, fearing her voice would betray her. The woman coaxed and threatened, and at last endeavored to force the lock; but this exceeding her strength, she went in search of a hatchet. After some time, she returned, and commenced another parley; but still receiving no reply, began to smash in the panels. When, after much difficulty, she at length burst into the room, it was only in time to see the prisoner drop from the open window into the garden below. The height was not great, but it was sufficient to sprain her ankle, and render flight impossible. Quick as lightning, the woman descended the stairs, sprang into the garden, and seizing her victim by the hair, dragged her back into the house and up the stairs into the room again from which she had escaped. Her fury upon perceiving the trick which had been played upon her must have been terrible.

"It was just at this time that I and the police fortunately arrived. We found Mrs. Armstrong upon her knees, the woman grasping her throat with one hand, while in the other she held the uplifted hatchet, as though about to kill her. She was seized, but was so violent that it was found necessary to handcuff her. While I was trying to recover Mrs. Armstrong from the death-like swoon into which she had fallen, I heard a scuffle in the passage below. It was the police capturing the Dumb Man, who had arrived at that, for him, inopportune moment. It appears he had been for some time in league with a gang of burglars, and that this remote house was a receptacle for their plunder. I believe a great quantity of stolen goods of all kinds, including jewelry and articles of value, were found stowed away in different parts of the premises. The police have been on his track for some time; but he had contrived to elude them until now. After seeing Mrs. Armstrong safely lodged at a private hotel in the neighborhood of the Strand, I made my way to St. Martin's Le Grand to reclaim my precious packet, and thence to Paddington, and so on to Windsor and here."

"Does Harriet know who you are?"

"She has not the least idea. She gave me the money to pay the expenses of my journey, with a message, entreating you to see her in London to-morrow morning."

"I will start by the first train."

Every human joy has an attendant shadow; and Sir William's joy upon the recovery, or, rather, discovery, of his child was no exception to the rule. There was one thought which cast a very dark shadow upon his happiness. That thought was Sophie Cleveland!

"Do you still love your cousin Andrew, darling?" he asked, abruptly, after a silence; "or has absence, and the peculiar circumstances under which you thought it necessary to suppress your affection, destroyed that feeling?"

Bertha's face grew crimson, and she buried it upon his bosom, as she answered, in a low voice:

"It has only served to increase my love, which was never so deep as it is at this moment."

She could not see the dark cloud that fell upon her father's face as he heard these words. Here was a terrible difficulty. What was to be done? Andrew was betrothed to Sophie—pledged to her beyond recall. How fortunate that both were away that evening! But the morning would bring the return of one; perhaps of the other, as well.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GARDEN WORK IN WINTER.

Winter is often called the season of leisure, and as distinguished from those periods of hurry and drive which sometimes overtake the gardener, perhaps it is. But to a good manager there is no rest at this season. He can find plenty to do in looking ahead and preparing for the numberless things that will be wanting when the season for active work arrives.

If the weather is wet or bad generally, the tools need to be looked over to see that all are in their places and in the best working condition. If they are dull-edged they can be ground or filed; loose handles can be tightened, or nails and screws can be used to stay or strengthen weakened parts. Many tools can be wholly made by the exercise of no great amount of ingenuity; and indeed in a hundred ways can an active man be usefully employed, even in the very worst of weather.

When the weather is at all fair, loads of work can be advanced in the open air. Many fruit and ornamental trees are ruined by bad pruning; but there are few trees that are not to be benefited by pruning judiciously performed; and then remember that use can often be made in the garden of the parts from the trees. The garden pea loves above all things to run over twiggy branches, and some of the trimmings can be cut out for this purpose and tied into neat bundles and stacked away. Then the tomato likes to get tied up into single stakes. Short stout pieces that have stubs or strong spurs to help hold up the weight of tomato fruit, may be cut out and saved for them. Then raspberries, blackberries, dahlias, gladiolus, tuberoses, and many things among both fruits and flowers, as well as vegetables, want stakes sometimes, and good material for these purposes can be had from the tree-waste very often. And then poles for beans and similar things, give us a good use for the taller and stronger stuff.

And then there is the matter of manures, composts, and in connection with these very often hotbeds for early vegetables. Not one in a hundred ever has as much manure as could be judiciously employed; and yet a great deal goes to waste through sheer want of thought in collecting, or of judicious treatment at this winter season.

Many a man likes to take a pipe or cigar, and of a winter evening sit for an hour or so by his fire and dreamily think over the things that are past. This is all right. There is a pleasure in memory. But let him not forget the pleasures of Hope. He can think of his seed and his crops in the future, and what he will need to bring them on to the best advantage; and then be led to see what he can do now to help the good work along. It is well enough to read. We like to see the studious man. But time is well employed in thinking for ourself, and especially when that thought has reference to the forwarding of work, against the busy time to come. There is some prejudice against counting chickens before they are hatched. True, the counter is often disappointed. But the one who never counts, who waits to see how many chickens he will have before he provides anything for them, is much more likely to be the disappointed man.

— *Germantown Telegraph.*

A Street Car Scene.—As John Henry was going home from business the other evening, in a crowded street-car, it was curious to notice how intensely absorbed he became in his newspaper, as a large boned woman, with vinegarish countenance, entered and stood hanging to a car-strap, while waiting for a seat. It was still more curious to observe how quickly he became aware of the fact, a moment later, that a fair-haired, red-lipped little angel had tripped into the car, and was looking down upon him with a sweet expectancy in her great brown eyes. He rose, and with his best bow and a graceful wave of the hand, was about to offer her his seat, when vinegar-face slipped quietly into it. "Why look here, my good woman," said John, "it was this lady I was giving my place to." "I pays my fare," replied the dame, with a snap of her heavy jaws, "and I guess as my nickel's good as her'n. The seat was empty, an' I'd like to know who's got a better right?" Someway, the balance of the ride was not a pleasant one to John, and it occurred to him to wish very earnestly that he dared to punch that fellow in the corner, who kept bursting out with a snicker every few minutes.

MOONLIGHT IN WINTER.

BY WALTER A. ROSS.

Loud-voiced Night, with the wild winds blowing
Many a tune;
Stormy Night, with white snow-clouds going
Over the moon;
Mystic Night, that each minute changes—
Now as blue as the mountain ranges
Far, far away;
Now as black as a heart where strange is
Joy, night or day.

Wondrous Moonlight! unlike all moonlights
Since we were born;
That on a century's bright as moonlights
Looks in slow scorn;
Moonlights where the old vine leaves quiver,
Moonlights olden on lake or river
Where known paths lie,
Moonlights—Night, blot their like forever
Out of thy sky!
Hail, new moonlight strange, wild and stormy,
Wintry and bold!
Hail, fierce Wind, that can strengthen, warm me,
Be ye ne'er so cold!
Aye, God-driven, this deluge rages,
He doth pour out, and He assuages,
Under His hand;
Drifting, Noah-like, into the ages,
We shall touch land.

PATTY PAYNE PAPERS.

By MARGERY LAIRD.

Patty was as fresh as a daisy next morning, and as sweet and serene as any flower. The dear child was evidently reigning queen of the whole establishment, from Mollie Patton, aged seven, up to the stately parlor boarder, Agatha Holmes.

All were living unconsciously under a gentle tyranny, and figuratively and literally (for school-girls are very demonstrative) hugged the sweet delusion, while Patty was, in her turn, a willing martyr, suffering under a constant shower of pathetic notes, regard rings, kisses, and bon-bons, all given, of course, in a well-regulated *pension*, under the rose.

All the girls did their hair like Patty, wore her colors, copied her scrawling handwriting, her slow plaintive tones, and even feebly, her little coquetries, in their miniature social world, trying upon each other, and in dead earnest, the arts, and jealousies, and rivalries afterwards to be displayed upon a wider field.

I have seen Agatha Holme, a staid, sensible, handsome girl, who thought more in an hour than Patty would in a week, going about positively haggard and hollow-eyed, passing sleepless nights and anxious days because yellow-haired Laura Semple had been for a week, the bosom friend of Patty Payne. And, blushing like a lover, when Patty met her in the corridor and honored her with a sudden, tender little peck from her rosy lips. *I* shrugged my shoulders, studied my French and M. Adolphe, lectured Patty, and received from that damsel secret confidences, penitences, and caresses enough to have brought down upon my devoted head the jealous wrath of the whole school.

I studied M. Adolphe to some purpose, though I kept the result of my researches entirely to myself. He puzzled me, for there was certainly something under his great watchfulness that I could not fathom. Miss Hoyt, I concluded, was simply a prying under-teacher, a little suspicious of such a *very* docile and popular young woman as Miss Payne; but M. Adolphe's keen, restless, inscrutable, blue eyes, set in a thin, peaked, yellow face, sometimes made my flesh creep.

But Patty appeared so sweetly unconscious—after that one confidence—that I never broached the subject again, and by a curious chance, or was it instinct, never mentioned M. Adolphe to Hugh.

About a month after my first introduction to "Madame," M. Adolphe astonished me. M. Adolphe had the honor of astonishing me twice in my brief school life, but this was the only occasion upon which he was an active agent, poor man. I was alone in the dreary school-room, having lingered to write a letter, and the hour being the blind man's holiday, when even school-girls, within safe limits, are free from espionage. The room was full of long-like shadows, that shifted and lengthened as the twilight deepened outside, when a musical, Frenchified, cracked voice said, just at my ear, "Mees Marg."

I started and almost trembled, he had spoken so suddenly and so close to me; and feeling my vague discomfort was not dissipated by the thin, tall form bending over me, and the lean, sallow face, and bright eyes so near in the gathering gloom. The only door was at the farther end of the school-room, and I had heard no step upon the floor.

"Did you get in at the window?" I asked involuntarily.

"No," said M. Adolphe, so close to me that I could detect the smell of the snuff about his clothes. "I haf my ways of coming and my ways of going, Mees Marg."

The man frightened me, I confess, stealing on me in that mysterious manner, and standing there with his odd smile, and his long neck craning forward, and his nervous hand on my chair. I was so much afraid of him that I did not dare to get up and go away. So I sat there in silence, feeling something like the wedding guest, under the spell of the Ancient Mariner, and yet more than half-inclined to laugh at my own silly fears.

"Eh?" he said, at last, as if I had spoken. "Eh?" he repeated, in a tender tone.

"I said nothing, M. Adolphe," I replied, with creditable composure.

"But you vere going to say somezing," he returned confidently. "You vere going to say, 'M. Adolphe, vy tade you ze strong interese in my leetle Pattie Payne?'"

Had this happened twenty years later, I would have quietly set M. Adolphe down as a *mind reader*, with a gentle familiar, like Katie King, for instance, who helped him to see the insides of other people's heads, but as it was, I first wondered if our French professor was a necromancer, and then, with my usual common sense, concluded that he was the most observant man I had ever happened upon.

"And I haf a question to ask of Mademoiselle. You are the young lady with the long eyes——"

"Thanks!" said I, drily.

"Can you tell vy Mees Hoyt ees always vatching Pattie Payne?"

"I cannot," I replied, briefly, thinking how wonderfully well his "long" eyes served him.

"I can," he stated, quietly; "but ve haf ze reasons not to tell. I see zat it ees you, Mees Marg, vat lof leetle Pattie, it ees ze young ladies vat ha-a-tes her"—I wish I could give the *intensity* of that "ha-a-te"—"and my seestare vat zinks her ze dear docility, za leetle sly girl!"

I sat in surprised silence. How completely this keen-eyed outsider had taken in all the details of Patty's relations to her school-world. He must have made a deliberate study of the child. I ought to state that, to the best of my belief, M. Adolphe meant nothing insidious in calling Patty "sly" it was only his way of expressing little humbug, and his voice had a tender inflection that would have been loverlike if it had not been paternal—for M. Adolphe was over fifty years old. He drew a chair up now, and looked closely at me, in the dusk.

"Patti vas *fiancee*, vat you call engaged to your brother, Mees Marg," he said.

I could neither deny the allegation, nor challenge the allegator, so I remained as dumb as a mummy, with even less expression, for my mind was getting rapidly crushed under the weight of M. Adolphe's knowledge of our affairs.

"He ees a fine man, your brother," went on M. Adolphe, "but Mees Patti vill haf to de-velop—*grow up* to him. She ees a leetle girl now, and Monsieur Deeck Payne suits her as vell—bettare—zan Monsieur Hugh."

He evidently waited here for some expression of opinion from me.

"Dick Payne is very nice," I said, idiotically.

"Ve-ry!"—I cannot put on paper the long drawn-out "ve-ry" that so completely settled Dick Payne's merits—"but he make no young girl a good carthorse, Mees Marg. *He* bear no burdens in ze world, and Patti nevare, nevare learn to carry ze troubles, poor child! So Deeck Payne ees not ze one for *la petite* Mademoiselle."

"Dear me! How kind in you to settle it all," I remarked, with some tartness, and I would have liked to add, "pray what business is it of yours?"

That astute M. Adolphe replied to the spirit of my remark.

"It ees not my affaire, eh? But I am getting romantique in my old age, and I take ze interest in ze little love scenes." He was twinkling his face all up, and peering at me with his little, inscrutable eyes His meddlesomeness and mysterious aggravating manner made me angry.

"A domestic spy, Monsieur," I said, rudely.

But the old man answered with unruffled composure.

"No, young lady, my leettle secrets are my own. I haf opened ot me ze heart to you, because you lof Mees Patti, and I haf ze reasons. But my seestare nevare know, and I keep ze eye sharp on Mees Hoyt."

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, impulsively and politely, "I should not have spoken so to an elder, and I do believe you are Patty's friend."

"Eh?" said M. Adolphe, not at all affronted by my discourtesy, nor affected by my *amende*. "But I haf ze reasons, Mees Marg."

My curiosity would have been excited, undoubtedly, by M. Adolphe's constant repetition of that last assertion, had not I, knowing his imperfect English, taken it to be merely a misconception of our word reason, and an adaptation to the French word "*raison*"—meaning, simply, "I haf ze *right*, Mees Marg." Certainly he had the right—or where was the American Constitution—*full* right to watch Patty, and Miss Hoyt, and Hugh, and even me, if he chose. This is a free country, and we are all free and equal, and there was no law to prevent a naturalized citizen of the United States feeling an interest in a guileless maiden, or even carrying that interest to remarkable, not to say eccentric limits.

But M. Adolphe had more to say.

"I haf been"—he pronounced it *bean*—"to your veilage," (Oh, our insulted corporation and townspeople), "and I haf seen To-bee."

"Why, M. Adolphe! What took you to our town?"

"Ze stage," replied Monsieur, simply; and I don't think he meant a feeble repartee. He misunderstood my idiomatic question, and I put it in a different form:

"Why did you go?"

"For mes affairs, my beesness, mamselle; but I met To-bee. To-bee ees a nice boy."

I would have contradicted him flatly if he had not been so positive. As it was, I shrugged my shoulders, and pondered on the past!

"A nice boy," repeated Mr. Adolphe. "I arrived at him quite by chance. I valked along ze lane—on my beesness—and I met a little boy, a small child—his hair it was red and his vat you call leetle pants vere in ze holes at ze knee. He is a poor leetle boy; and I vill gif to him von small dime. He looks ze hunger, and he can buy ze bread with ze dime, and I will gif to him ze money to buy ze pantaloon. So I said to me, and I told him vat I say to you, and not to vaste ze money, but to buy ze pantaloon. Ze poor leetle boy! Ze tears stood in his eyes, and his sides shook vis ze sobs. And he put ze money in ze leetle ragged pocket, and he vistle vis his lips and say quite low, 'Golly! vat a lark!'"

I laughed out at that pathetic picture, and Mr. Adolphe joined heartily in my merriment. The funny old Frenchman was the first to speak. I could not stop laughing; I entered into Toby's feelings, you see! Said Monsieur, in a tone of delighted amusement:

"To-bee zinks I was von old fool! But I valked vis him, and I asked him ze questions and ze name and ze many zings—and I make him to pay for my money, Mees Marg."

I saw now *who* was answerable for the Frenchman's mysterious knowledge of Hugh and Patty, and all our little secrets, the cunning old man! Ah, Master Toby! If I had had you then how willingly I would have boxed your ears! But it could not be helped now, and this apparently purposeless conversation had at any rate given me confidence in Mr. Adolphe; though his interest in Patty was as incomprehensible as before. The whole thing appeared to me *then* in the light of one of those idle, rather confidential, conversations that people are apt to fall into about dusk, only it was queer that M. Adolphe and I should be the chatting parties.

I got up, and with sacrilegious hand applied a match to one of Madame's candles. "It is quite dark, and Patty will be looking for me. Bonsoir, Monsieur Maitre; '*commy vous, porty vous?*'" I added, by way of ending the conversation facetiously, as that was, in the boarding school vernacular, the sentence that, according to Ollendorff, followed "Bonsoir." And Ollendorff was law to the young ladies in their intercourse with Monsieur Adolphe, instructor in French! That gentleman smiled and bowed—"Ze young ladies eil haf ze leetle fun vis ze French," he said, indulgently, and under cover of his smile I opened the door.

I would have marched right off to Patty had I not met Miss Hoyt just outside the schoolroom door. She had never spoken to me except in class, but now she stopped me pointedly.

"Is Monsieur Adolphe in there, Miss Marg?" she asked, in a metallic and severe voice.

"He is," I replied shortly.

"Is Miss Payne with him?"

"She is not," said I, with a none of your business air.

"You were alone with him?"

"I was."

"Twilight interviews with gentlemen are forbidden by the rules," said Miss Hoyt, in the even monotone in which she habitually ran. "Speak French, young ladies. Good evening, my dear," with sudden honey in her voice, as Agatha Holme, heiress, approached.

Agatha disliked her as much as I did, and answered coldly, linking her arm in mine in a school girl fashion, and taking very little notice of Miss Hoyt.

I should state here that the only light in the corridor was that of the candle that I held in my hand. It flickered over Agatha's frank, handsome features, and Miss Hoyt's mean little blonde face, and fell in long rays on the exquisitely clean and uncarpeted floor.

"Extra candles are not permitted to pupils by the rules," said Miss Hoyt, spitefully, turning the handle of the schoolroom door.

"Are twilight interviews permitted to teachers—by the rules?" I queried, unwisely. And knew by the quick, steely gleam that shot from under the scant eyelashes that I had made an enemy on the spot. I date from this day a fact that soon became very evident. Miss Hoyt, slyly, quietly, but persistently, included me in the watch she kept upon Patty, and made me sometimes regret having drawn her attention upon my head.

Agatha warned me against her as we walked together towards the dormitory-stairs.

"You ought not to anger her, Marg; she is a very dangerous woman I am afraid. Not a safe friend, but a dreadfully unsafe foe."

"Why?" I was glad to have a chance of finding out something about Miss Hoyt.

"She has immense influence over Madame, and some kind of power over M. Adolphe. I have heard her speak to Madame Celestine with great insolence, and though she is as sweet as sugar to the brother, he never seems quite easy with her."

"Is she an old teacher—I beg her pardon, she is the sort of woman who would never permit herself to be old."

"And she never could have been young!" said Agatha, smiling. "Marg, she belongs to the institution though. I am the oldest pupil now, and she was here before my time. She never has been known to take to Madame's favorites, and generally succeeds in undermining them. I only wonder she has never done Patty an ill turn. I am sure she would if she had the slightest foundation. But nobody could have a spite against dear little Patty Payne."

"Oh, dear, no!" I replied, absently, thinking all the time about that "rather affectionate" scene with Cousin Dick. If Miss Hoyt chose she might spring a mine under our feet any day, and it would be dreadful to have Patty in disgrace again. For Hugh's sake I prayed fervently that our snaky under-teacher might be circumvented in some way. And I thought hopefully of M. Adolphe.

I had a great notion that night to give Patty a substantial lecture and some good advice, also to report M. Adolphe's eccentricities and warn her against Miss Hoyt. But I knew Patty well enough to be sure that if she was once fairly started on that tack it would be the delight of her life to lead them a dance, and that she would go scientifically to work to mystify and humbug both her watchful friend and foe. I was a little afraid of Miss Hoyt, so did not put Patty on the warpath, but I cautiously repeated a few leading remarks of M. Adolphe in the course of one of our dormitory talks, after the lights were out and the girls all asleep. Patty clapped her little palms together in subdued delight.

"I expect he is two maternal uncles," she exclaimed, in a gay whisper, "and a mysteriously disappeared grandfather besides. Just for all the world like a story book," rolling the whites of her eyes. It was too dark to see this performance of course, but I knew Patty's assorted expressions by heart. The sentimentally comical was the one that matched that last speech. As I expected some such nonsense from her, I was not disappointed. Only remarked:

"Don't be such a little goose, my dear."

"Say something new or original, Marg," retorted Miss Payne, coiling her shawl about her shoulders, and accompanying the action with a perceptible shrug. It was always Patty, by-the-way, who sat on the side of my bed. I never risked common sense and an influenza by straying about at untimely hours. But these stolen chats were as delightful to me as they were to little Patty Payne. "I expect," she proceeded, "to receive M. Adolphe's dying blessing and a fortune of several millions yet!"

"'When this you see remember me,' and, my child, don't get any vainer, if I suggest that the whole thing may be traced—perhaps—to your *beaux yeux*."

"My 'bows yers,'" mimicked Miss Patty, "consisting of two small blue pupils, and an extensive supply of eyelash! The i-d-e-a! Old enough to be my grandfather, too."

"Old, Patty! I never dreamed you had an idea as old as that! I regarded your stock as youthful, not to say infantile, my love."

"Don't be severe, miss. And I referred to M. Adolphe and——"

"Your eye-dear."

"Free translation of *beaux yeux*! Dear me, how smart we are getting! No, Marg, I am in earnest about that. I may be a child and a goose, and all that, but there is one branch of social science that I do understand—by instinct! I can see that M. Adolphe isn't in love with me just as—just as——" Patty's voice sank to a very pitiful key, "I know that Hugh was."

I felt Patty's slender form tremble a little, and I put out my hand in sympathy. She gave it a gentle squeeze, and a sudden tear drop pattered on my wrist. Then another, and another. Bless the child! she really felt it then, and had her moments of repentance after all! I was glad for Hugh's sake, and sorry for poor, dear, little Patty. So I positively had a choking feeling in my throat.

"Don't, dear! Oh, dear! Patty, Patty, darling, don't cry! I didn't mean it. You are not a goose, but the dearest, sweetest darling." I was almost crying myself, and Patty seemed in a convulsion. A sudden light dawned upon me. "You heartless wretch! where did you get those tears?"

"Out of my cologne bottle!" gasped Patty, almost suffocating with suppressed laughter, and opening her shawl to show a tiny vial just visible in the dim light. "Did I drop it scientifically, Marg? Were they effective? Oh, dear!" She had by this time put herself at a safe distance from a justly indignant friend, and I could hear her laughing softly in her own little cot. I punished her by the utter silence of contempt.

"Don't turn your face into the wall, like gentle Barbary Allen," pleaded Patty, in a whisper. I could hardly help laughing myself, but I maintained a dignified composure that I presume extinguished her, for she did not speak again.

Left to myself my thoughts soon drifted back to M. Adolphe and Miss Hoyt. I began to wish that I could tell Hugh the whole story, and find out from his sober common sense if there was anything but my own imagination at work. The relation of those two to Patty, and to each other, certainly seemed a little singular, and the old Frenchman's visit to our village puzzled me. There was a chance, any how, after the Dick Payne episode, that one or the other of the teachers might get our wilful Patty into a scrape.

What could be "ze reason" of M. Adolphe, and what did the reason of his interest in Miss Payne have to do with the reason of Miss Hoyt? What was the reason they didn't act together if Miss Hoyt's reason was the same as M. Adolphe's reason? Finding about then that my meditations were rapidly following the form of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," etc., I gave the matter up and went to sleep.

AGRICULTURAL.

So soon as hogs cease to fatten they should be killed.

Weather Proof Whitewash.—Take five pounds whiting, four ounces air-slacked lime, and mix with skim milk. Apply three coats and it will last four years, on fence or outbuilding.

Beyond any sort of doubt seeds soaked in weak camphor water will sprout and grow vigorously, when the same seeds not thus treated will refuse to show any signs whatever of vitality.

There are, it is said, over 2,700 varieties of apples known by 1,800 names; 2,200 of pears, 200 of cherries, 150 of plums, 300 of our native grapes, 50 of currants, 30 of raspberries, and 30 of blackberries.

Do not allow trees to grow over and shade your dwelling. They are unhealthy. On the contrary, vines and creepers on the wall protect them, and make a house warmer and drier, and also make it look much better.

The latest reports locate the blue birds and robins, and the blooming violets, in New Jersey; and if the winter keeps on as it has been going the enterprising Jerseyman intends to have ripe peaches in the market by the opening of the Centennial.

Plants should be watered with rain water in the morning or at evening. The leaves of plants should not be sprinkled with water when the sun is shining hot upon them. If rain water cannot be had well water can be used by exposing it to the air for a day or two.

In caring for your fowls provide them with a vessel of limewater for an occasional drink. It is prepared by pouring hot water over quicklime, and after the lime is slaked and the water covering it becomes clear, pour it off. It will keep fit for use for a considerable time.

To Dry Tomatoes for Winter.—Small sized but perfectly ripe tomatoes, washed, scalded and peeled, and some of the juice squeezed or drained from them. Slice and dry them in an oven just as you would pumpkins etc. For use, soak awhile, then stew and cook as you would fresh tomatoes.

Take care of the machinery on the farm. By all means put it under shelter when not in use, and it will last one-third longer and work better. During the winter all repairs should be purchased and put on, and have everything ready for work when needed, new babbit put in the boxes and the bolts all tight.

Gain in Cattle.—It takes 31 pounds of milk to add 1 pound of live weight to a calf, and an ox that weighs 1,300 pounds will consume 22 pounds of hay in 24 hours to keep from losing weight. If he is to fatten he must have just twice that amount, when he will gain 2 pounds a day. This is 1 pound of live weight to 11 pounds good hay. To obtain 50 cents a hundred for his hay, a farmer must sell fat steers at $5 60 per hundred pounds.

A good average day's journey for a loaded team is 30 miles. The average value of the man and team of two horses is $3 per day. The average load over ordinary roads is 1,000 pounds per horse. This would give 10 cents per ton per mile, or fifty times that of ocean carriage; 31 times that of lake; 20 times that of river; 10 times that of canal; and a fraction less than 7 times that of wagon travel in favor of railroads. Or in other words, a ton of produce is transported 7 miles by rail as cheaply as one ton is by wagon.

Sheep raising has had its ups and downs like almost every kind of business, but it is a question if any business has paid better for a term of years. The rapid increase of sheep is very favorable to farmers of small means who wish to engage in wool growing. Sheep raising is too much neglected in the West. The animal that furnishes clothing, food and light, which crops hillsides too steep for other creatures to ascend, is entitled to vastly more credit than it receives.—*Chicago Times.*

It pays to take care of the stock by providing good, warm shelter and plenty of good fresh water every day. Then less feed will be required and better results obtained. The young stock should be kept growing by liberal feeding and good care. It pays to provide mangers and racks to keep the feed from wasting in the mud. Don't neglect the regular supply of salt and ashes for all the stock, and if you think it don't pay to take care of scrub stock, just get some of the improved breeds and you will find it pays to take care of them.

Raise Grapes.—It must be a small yard that has not room enough for one vine, and every farmer's family should have all the grapes they can eat and some to give away. Those who grow for market will not look here for advice. The universal grape, corresponding in popularity to the Bartlett among pears, is the Concord. Every one can grow it, as a cutting of two or three buds is very sure to make a plant. Many others can be raised in the same way, while some must be started under glass. Buy only one year old vines; cut back to two or three buds, and let only one shoot grow.

Drive Wells.—The drive wells which are extensively used in the South and West are made as follows: A piece of 1¼-inch gas pipe is perforated with several hundred holes near the end, which is covered with a fine brass wire screen, and this in turn is protected by a covering of sheet zinc or iron also perforated. The extremity of the pipe is sharpened, or a steel point may be fixed. It is then driven in the ground, adding pieces on the top as it sinks in. As soon as the proper depth is reached a pump is attached, and the result is an inexhaustible well, often giving an abundant supply of water in half an hour after the end of the pipe first entered the soil.

Although Many are Predisposed to Lung Troubles from Birth, yet even such may escape Consumption, or other Pulmonary or Bronchial Diseases, if due care and watchfulness be observed and all exciting causes are promptly treated as they arise. It is in these cases Dr. Jayne's Expectorant exercises its most beneficial effects, and has produced the largest proportion of its cures. Besides promptly removing Coughs and Colds, which when left to themselves, are the immediate causes of tuberculous development, this standard remedy allays any inflammation which may exist, and by promoting easy expectoration, cleanses the lungs of the substances which clog them up, and which rapidly destroy when suffered to remain.

FACETIÆ.

A BACKWOODSMAN, in one of the remote forests of Maine, meeting a party of hunters, asked one of them where he lived when he was "to hum?"

"In New York city," responded the tourist. The rustic gazed at him a moment, with a sad and pitying inquisitiveness, and then plaintively said,

"Don't yer hate ter live so fur away?"

An eight-year-old in North End, sent the following rather warm epistle to one of his little playmates: "Dear Minnie I love thee I adore you - don't show this to your mother. If I don't love thee may the lions tear my hert out may I be thrown from a third story window if I don't love you may I be torn in 3 halfs by wild beests but I do, answer this, get good paper and leave ¼ a sheet for me you are a pretty girl and I'll have you. Charlie."

POETICAL.—An editor out west thus announces an increase of his olive branches:

Sound the stage-horn—blow the trumpet,
That the waiting world may know;
Publish it through all our borders,
Even unto Mexico:

Seize your pen, oh, dreaming poet!
And in numbers smooth as may be,
Spread afar the joyful tidings!
Betsy's got another baby!

SCENE at a Brooklyn wedding breakfast. Company all seated about the table. A pause in the general conversation. Happy husband to his wife's seven year-old sister at the other end of the room:

"Well, Julie, you have a new brother now."

Julie—"Yes, but mother said to papa, the other day, that she was afraid you would never amount to much, but that it seemed to be Sarah's last chance."

Intense silence for the moment, followed by a rapid play of knives and forks.

WHEN the Earl of Bradford was brought before Lord Chancellor Loughborough to be examined upon an application for a statute of lunacy against him, the Chancellor asked him:

"How many legs has a sheep?"

"Does your lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live or a dead sheep?"

"Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor.

"No, my lord," said Lord Bradford, "there is much difference. A living sheep has four legs; a dead sheep has only two. There are but two legs of mutton; the two fore legs are shoulders."

"LOVEY."—"Lovey, will you please let me have one dollar?" inquired an affectionate Chicago wife of her husband.

"Where's all that I gave you yesterday?" said "Lovey," bluntly.

"Why—I've been down town to-day, and—"

"And spent all, of course," interrupted the husband; "and now I'd like to know what you want of more?"

"I—I didn't have quite enough" faltered the gentle wife. "to—to buy for you the Christmas present I wanted to."

Then, had you been there, you would have seen the 'shamefaced-looking husband in Northern Illinois when "Lovey" handed over that dollar.

FOUND WORTHY.—The husband of a fair lady of Pekin having left his home and prolonged his stay for an indefinite period, she thought herself justified in contracting a second marital alliance. Unfortunately, however, the first husband reappeared on the scene. Recourse was had to law. To the mandarin, a man of ready wit, occurred a brilliant idea.

"My friends," said he to the two husbands, "your mother-in-law is dead. Funds must be forthcoming for her burial."

"By Confucius," cried the second husband, "I know very little of her."

"As for me, great judge, I shall be delighted to supply them," said the first, with an expression of delight. "What is required?"

"You are worthy to be the husband of this lady," decided the mandarin, and he forthwith decreed a divorce.

WHAT WAS LEFT.—A school committee not a thousand miles from the city were examining a class in a preparatory school. One of the members undertook to sharpen up their wits by propounding the following question:

"If I had a mince-pie and should give two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Henry, and should keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?"

There was a profound study among the boys, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer.

"Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud so that all can hear," said the committeeman.

"The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow.

The committeeman turned red in the face, while other members roared aloud. The boy was excused from answering any more questions.

SHE WOULDN'T DO BECAUSE SHE HAD A BEAU.

She was at one of the union school-houses half an hour before school opened. She had "Linda" with her. She was a tall woman, forty years old, with a jaw showing great determination, and "Linda" was sixteen, and rather shy and pretty good looking. The mother said she hadn't been in the city long, and that it was her duty to get Linda into school and see that she was properly educated. When the teacher came the mother boldly inquired:

"You know enough to teach, do you?"

"I think I do," replied the teacher, blushing deeply.

"And you feel competent to govern the scholars, do you?"

"Yes'm."

"Do you pound 'em with a ferrule, or lick 'em with a whip?"

"We seldom resort to punishment here," replied the embarrassed teacher.

"That's better yet," continued the mother. "I know that if Linda should come home all pounded up I'd feel like killing some one. I suppose you are of respectable character, ain't you?"

"Why—ahem—why——" stammered the teacher, growing white and then red.

"I expect you are," continued the woman. "It's well enough to know who our children are associating with. Now, then, do you allow the boys and girls to sit together?"

"No, ma'am."

"That's right. They never used to when I was young, and I don't think Linda is any better than I am. Another thing—do you allow any winking?"

"Any what?" exclaimed the puzzled teacher.

"Do you allow a boy to wink at a girl?" asked the woman.

"Why, no!"

"I was afraid you did. Linda is as shy as a bird, and if she should come home some night and tell me that she had been winked at, I don't know what I'd do. Now, another thing—do you have a beau?"

"Why—why——" was the stammered reply.

"I think you do!" resumed the woman severely. "I know just how it works. When you should be explaining what an archipelago is you are thinking of your Richard, and your mind is way, way off!"

"But, madam——"

"Never mind any explanations," interrupted the woman. "I want Linda brought up to know joggerfy, figures, writing, and spellograpuy, and if you've got a beau and are spooking to the theatre one night, a candy-pull the next, a horse race the next, and so on, your mind can't be on education. Come, Linda; we'll go to some other school-house."

And they jogged.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HAPPINESS AT HOME—This essential requisite in the pre-eminence of our domestic felicity can only be attained by a fortunate combination of circumstances. At times the only thing lacking to complete this charmed circle cannot be obtained, such as greater wealth, or better health. The former must be waited, and the latter eagerly sought after. With health we can always in time acquire a competency. The great health destroyer is rheumatism, and the only reliable cure is that of Dr. P. J. Griffen & Co., 116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. Write and send stamp for circular, explaining your symptoms, and mention this paper.

HOT PUDDING.

The students in one of our colleges being frequently annoyed by the nocturnal and inquisitorial visits of a Professor, who suspected them of playing cards, one evening prepared a kettle of mush, otherwise called hasty pudding, and by the time it was boiled, had seated themselves around the table in the attitude of card-playing, waiting patiently for the well-known step of the Professor. It was no sooner heard than a large outside pocket of one of them was forthwith filled with hot hasty pudding, and all were seated as before. As soon as the professor had opened the door, the student who was loaded with the mush, made a sudden sweep over the table with his hand, as if to gather up the cards, and with another motion, apparently put them into the pocket containing the mush. These movements could not help being noticed, as they were intended to be, by the Professor, who, considering them as a pretty strong evidence of guilt, broke out with the following:

"Well, young gentlemen, I've caught you at it at last, have I?"

"Why, yes, sir; we are all here."

"Yes, I see you are, and you have been playing cards, too."

"No, sir, it's not so."

"It isn't, ha? What have you got in your pocket, young man?"

"Hot hasty pudding, sir."

"Hot hasty pudding, ha? Hasty pudding, have you? I'll hasty pudding you," said the Professor, at the same time thrusting his hand, half-way to the elbow, in the hot hasty pudding.

The dolorous looks, the shaking of fingers, the groanings, and capers of the Professor, are better imagined than described.

EFFECT OF LIGHT.—Doctor Moore, the metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light upon body and mind: "A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog, and an infant deprived of Heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence, in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalency of idiocy startles the traveller. It is a very strange and melancholy idiocy. Many persons are incapable of articulate speech; some are deaf, some blind, some labor under all these privations, and are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is a marked difference in the healthiness of houses, according to their aspect in regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants living on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial."

"HE'S A BRICK."

If it is slang, it is really classical slang. And yet of the thousands who use the term, how few—how very few—know its origin or its primitive significance. Truly, it is a heroic thing to say of a man to call him a brick. The word, so used, if not twisted from its original intent, implies all that is brave, patriotic and loyal.

Plutarch, in his life of Angesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of the quaint and familiar expression.

On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that though only nominally king of Sparta, he was yet ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defence of the town; but he found nothing of the kind. He marveled much at this, and spoke of it to the king.

"Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defence. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Angesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning, and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning, the king led his guest out upon the plains, where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried hosts, he said:

"There, thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, *and every man a brick!*"

Amelioration and Cure.

Amelioration of the symptoms of a disease is, of course, one desirable object of medication, and there are, no doubt, palliatives which possess considerable remedial efficacy. The temporary disappearance of the indicia of a disease, in too many instances, however, deludes the sick into a belief that they are cured. Many of those who have borne grateful testimony to the permanent remedial effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of liver disorder, chronic constipation, intermittent and remittent fevers, urinary and rheumatic ailments, have also recorded the fact that the temporary relief occasionally afforded by the medicines which they tried before using the great restorative inspired hopes which were speedily dissipated by a return of the malady. The Bitters not only relieve, but, if persistently and regularly taken, cure the maladies to which they are adapted.

PROFESSOR ASHER'S Select Dancing Academy, southwest corner Twelfth and Chestnut streets, entrance on Twelfth street. All the new and fashionable dances taught. Ladies' and Gentlemen's class Tuesday and Friday evenings; Misses' and Master's Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Private lessons singly or in classes at any hour to suit own convenience. Boston and Glide taught correctly in five lessons. Applications from private residences, schools, seminaries, etc., will at all times receive prompt attention. Ladies and gentlemen desiring it can receive instructions separately, in private class or at their residences. For terms, circulars, etc., apply or address Prof. Asher, Twelfth and Chestnut Streets.

NOTICE everything that is done by others to contribute to your benefit or happiness. Nothing seems more ungracious than the passing over without remark, and apparently without thought, the thousand and one little efforts and attentions which are intended to sweeten domestic life.

Neglected Coughs and Colds.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold" in its first stage. That which in the beginning would yield to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," if neglected, often works upon the Lungs.

MANY a maiden has consented to pass on to that ground where the disparaging term "old maid" is attached to her, from reasons as pure, as self-sacrificing, and as heroic as ever animated human nature.

THE WESTMINSTER OF NEW YORK.—Chas. Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and many other distinguished visitors to New York, have made their home at the Westminster Hotel, from which fact it may be inferred that the Westminster is one of the most select and comfortable of the New York Hotels. The rates of charges, however, are not higher than those of other first-class houses, but the unexcelled accommodations, the excellent and convenient location, and the comparative quiet of the neighborhood, give it peculiar and decided advantages. It is conducted on the European plan, and located almost in the centre of the city, on 16th Street and Irving Place, but one block from Broadway and Union Square, near the great stores and theatres. See card in advertising columns.

Of Interest to Ladies.

We mean the card of B. A. Elliott & Co., on seventh page. At the late Industrial Exposition at Pittsburgh, Messrs. Elliott & Co. received THIRTY-SIX First Premiums over all competitors for the choicest and most elegant display of Plants, Flowers and Floral Designs. This house is one of the oldest in the country, and one which we can heartily commend to the patronage of our fair readers as thoroughly reliable. Read their card in another column; and when you write, mention the POST.

The Rule of "No Cure No Pay."—The oldest and best hernia surgeons in the world, the only lady surgeon on earth skilled in the cure of Ruptures, the only elastic truss worthy of the name, free examination and advice are some of the advantages offered by the Triumph Truss Company, No. 334 Bowery, New York. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

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WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

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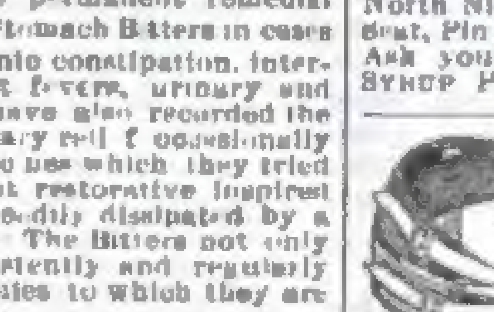

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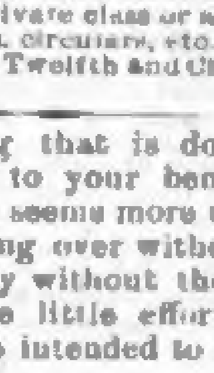

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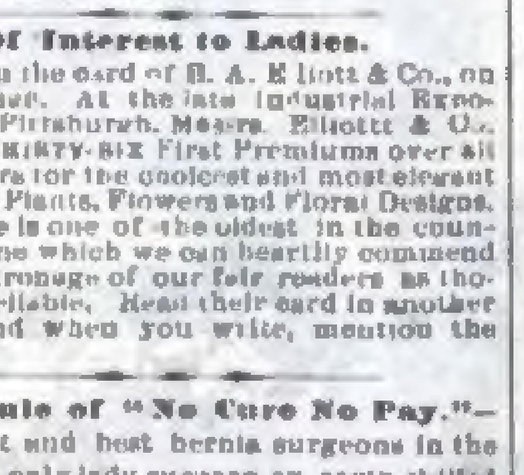

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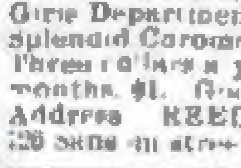
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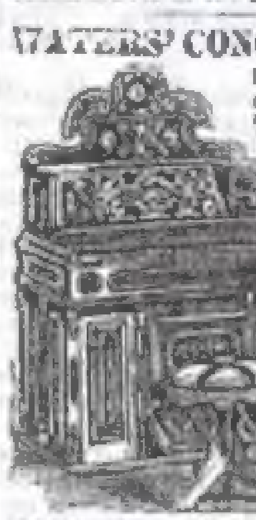

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THE BOUDOIR.

Whether it may be attributed to the mildness of the season, or a sort of irrepressible desire to hurry on the days that intervene between the present and our great jubilee of next summer, we cannot decide; but already there are whispers of "Spring styles." "That sweet tint, in pale tea-rose, my dear," "that love of a bonnet," etc.

This latter charming article, it is said, will no longer be simply an ornament to crown the apex of a pretty toilette, and frame without protecting a sweet face. Increase of size, and a sensible shape seem to be the leading points in the coming hats and bonnets. Actually they hint of possible capes, and frills to protect the neck! We shall do no more at present than hint and whisper concerning these novelties. When the time arrives to speak out boldly, "as who should say, this, now, look you, is really a hat, and i' faith a most excellent one of a proper fit, too," we will not fail, rest assured. Concerning toilettes, we see so many pretty and appropriate ones, it is hard to choose a few for description.

In walking costumes, we saw one with underskirt of the English fashion, black silk quilted and lined. Overskirt of thick gray camel's hair, with long square apron front, trimmed with three rows of wide braid, and a deep knotted fringe of mingled gray and black; then above, three more rows of braid and the same fringe. The basque was half-tight fitting, had black silk sleeves, with gray cuffs; was shorter in the back than in front and at the sides; had also a vest of black silk, coming down well in front in square ends. Gray felt hat, turned up with black velvet in front, trimmed around the crown with dark gray scarf, and having shaded wing of gray at the left side. A chatelaine pocket of black silk lined with gray was worn at the left side, attached by cords.

Another dress for the promenade was of black silk and velvet. Underskirt of silk, with a deep, scantily gathered velvet flounce at the bottom. Marguerite polonaise of black brocaded silk, simply piped at the bottom with a narrow bias of velvet; looped high on the left side with heavy silk cords, from which depend a large chatelaine pocket of velvet, lined with white silk and clasped with silver. The polonaise is buttoned from the top to the bottom, and has velvet cuffs to the sleeves, collar to the neck, and fan-shaped plastron down the back. The hat worn with this elegant toilette was fine felt, creamy-white, with scarf of cream colored silk around the crown, and revers front lined with cream colored silk, piped at the edge with velvet. A loosely folded scarf of dark cardinal silk is passed across the front above the forehead, and caught at one side by a small cluster of "Boston buds." A shaded wing is placed among the loops of the scarf at the back of the hat.

We have before noticed the netted kerchiefs of soft silk, with fine crimped tassels, that are being worn for mufflers, and also about the crowns of light felt hats. The popularity of these netted scarfs is on the increase, and they are being shown in different tints, and very happily combined with cashmere lace in trimming opera hats. There are two tints of the cashmere lace, one a pale cream the other a decided ecru; this latter is considered the more stylish of the two, as approaching nearer the color of antique lace. Small three-cornered kerchiefs for the neck, and narrow scarfs are made of Brussels net and trimmed with it; also jabots for the throat.

We noticed a very pretty hood and cloak for school wear for a girl of nine or ten, made in this way: The material was dark green cloth; the cloak a long loose sacque, with the fulness in the back, held in place by a belt of the material: strings connected with this belt were attached underneath, and upon being tied in front held the latter well in place. Two deep pockets were placed on each side of the front; a curiously fashioned cape, that did not hamper the arms, protected the back of the shoulders and the chest. It was sloped up towards the top of the arm, both from the middle of the back and from the front, so that it did not hang over the arms at all. It was lined throughout with flannel. The hood was made of the same material as the cloak, fitting closely against the face, and lined with silk. The soft crown was gathered in at the top, and formed a short frill at the bottom. Two bows of green ribbon, of lighter shade than the hood, were placed coquettishly on the back of the hood. A row of soft fur edged the front and frill of it. A tiny muff, of similar material bordered with fur, completed just the most comfortable and pretty wrap we have seen anywhere at all. This model would be serviceable in brown or black waterproof, having the hood of similarly colored merino.

A pretty muff for a child was made of brown Berlin wool, knitted ribbed stitch, and bordered with a row of rug stitch.

There is a decided return to the aumoniere or outside pocket, worn on the left side; but there is much change in the shape, long, gathered or pleated ones being the leading style. The most *recherche* have but very little trimming on them.

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Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., Philadelphia, for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

So many old styles of dress, fancy work, etc., are being revived, as indeed we need not to tell our readers, that some of them being long forgotten, have the freshness of novelty. Among the articles of fancy work is a kind of worsted embroidery, quickly done, and in tasteful hands capable of producing an excellent appearance. For the benefit of those who do not understand it, we give this week a description of a cover for a piano-stool or small ottoman, wrought in such a fashion. The design is a wreath of flowers in raised work, it is composed of a rose and buds, a cluster of grapes, and a lily and bunch of daisies; also the leaves of the rose. The flowers are made by darning the different shades together, if a rose or other tinted flower is desired—the leaves and plain or one-tinted flowers are also darned. To commence with the rose. Take seven shades of rose color—deep rose, lighter, then pink, and four more tints, the last so pale as to be almost flesh color. Cut the wool in the length of the skein opened out. Lay the shades together, observing the graduations of color. Darn on the under side with fine white thread so as not to let the stitches show on the other side. Having done this, form your rose by cutting the piece darned into lengths of two inches, and for the outer leaves two inches and a half. Let the brightest tint be on the outer edge, and form the leaves as nearly like a rose petal as possible, by gathering into shape at the bottom and holding in place with fine silk thread of the same shade. For the foundation of your cover, take a square, the requisite size, of black broadcloth or scarlet. Outline the circle of your wreath by tracing it with a thread. Having made your rose petals, form the flower by putting first a row of large sized petals, then within a second row of smaller, and so on until the centre is reached, being careful to have the deepest tints in the centre. The green leaves are formed by darning together different shades of green, afterwards cutting in lengths and doubling in the centre so as to make a point, group them according to fancy. The lily is made by darning white wool together, eight strands, if preferred, three strands may be of very pale slate or dove color. Let the leaves or petals of the lily be sharply pointed, five or six will be necessary; arrange in the form of the flower. Work the stamens and pistils with yellow wool, taking one long stitch for each from the centre of the flower to the space between the two upper petals; end the long stitch with a short cross one, let this latter be green, a pale tint, for the centre one. For the daisies, take a small piece of canvas—embroidery canvas. Work three or four rounds in rug stitch, that is, over a mesh. Cut open the stitches and fleece them out with a coarse needle, clipping the edges to make them even. Work the centres in yellow wool. Group them according to fancy in your wreath, and attach to the cloth by stitches through the centre. Do not neglect to cut the canvas away from each daisy, except just where it is stitched. The grapes are made by working over small rings of stiff paper or pasteboard, until the centre hole is completely filled in with shades of purple. Fasten securely, by passing a stout thread of silk under the stitches and drawing it tightly around them at the centre. Cut the edges, take away the paper or pasteboard, and trim into shape with a pair of sharp scissors; arrange twelve or thirteen of these grapes in a cluster, work vine tendrils in pale green, and, if desired, the outlines of a grape leaf in chain stitch, with veins of reddish-brown. This work, as will be seen, is easily accomplished, and when complete is showy and elaborate in appearance.

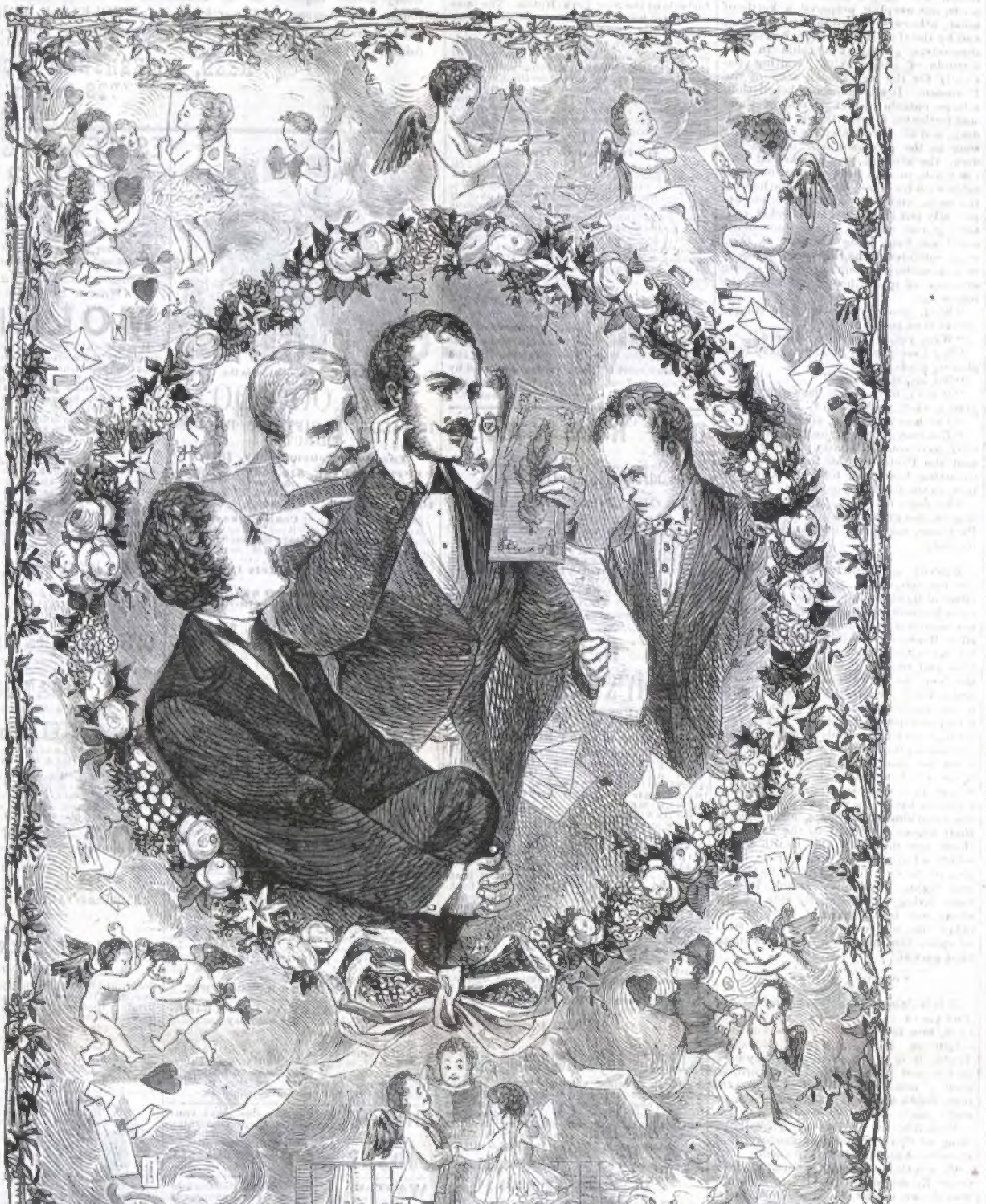
ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

KATE W.—Wear your hair in two plaits or one thick chatelaine braid. Friz the front and part it on the right side, brushing away towards the left. Moderately high shell combs are worn.

MRS. M. J. W.—Make your damask silk into a long Marguerite polonaise to wear with your black velvet underskirt. Pipe it at the bottom with velvet, and put no other trimming on except two rows of velvet buttons down the front. Have a deep velvet aumoniere made, lined with silk, and attached by silk cords to the left side. The cords serve to loop the polonaise. English collar at the throat, laid in small pleats.

NINON.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN LEAP YEAR—A SOLEMN WARNING TO SINGLE MEN.



Bachelors all, of St. Valentine's Day beware!
This year is Leap Year: the ladies may choose!
How then you get in the fair sex's way beware,
Or both your hearts and your freedom you'll lose.
Princesses—waitresses,
Curly or straight tresses,
Fond hearts or traitresses,
Short ones or tall;
Elderly—youthful,
Deceitful or truthful,
Unfeeling or ruthful,
Beware of them all!

Theirs is the question this year; and for popping it,
No opportunity will they omit.
They may propose; and you've no chance of stopping it;
"Please ask mamma" does not answer a bit.
They'll grant no truces,
Delays or excuses;
Resistance no use is
To Leap Year's mad freak.
That one chance of Hymen.
For nervous and shy men,
(The girls can't think why men
Are frightened to speak.)

As for myself; I am terrified awfully—
"No" to a woman ne'er yet have I said,
So run a great risk of behaving unlawfully—
Marrying all who may ask me to wed.
In fear, dash my wig, am I
Standing of bigamy,
Not to say trigamy;
Oh, what a fix!
There is no hope escape of;
I'm in for the scrape of
My fate, in the shape of
The year seventy six.

Then bachelors all, be advised—take warning,
There's a great deal more danger than many suppose,§
Who are treating my sad admonition with scorning,
And make bosom friends of their poor bosom's foes.
Of their dreams they will wake out,
And find the mistake out,
When the fair ones they break out
On Valentine's day.
And kneeling before us,
Declare they adore us,
And sing in a chorus—
"Be mine, love, I pray!"

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

ROSIN.—Common rosin, the non-volatile portion of crude turpentine, was originally termed "colophony," from Colophon, in Ionia, where rosin was first produced by the ancient Greeks. It is sometimes so called in the present age.

SCREW THREADS.—The thread on a three-eighth inch gas pipe will sustain a weight of five thousand pounds; on a half-inch pipe, seven thousand pounds, and on a three-fourth inch pipe, nine thousand pounds. These facts are important to persons engaged in hanging chandeliers, etc.

RECEIPT FOR STAINING LIGHT WOOD IN WALNUT COLOR.—Take asphaltum varnish one part, turpentine three or four parts, linseed oil one part, and Venetian red ground fine in oil to suit. This will impart to light wood a good imitation of walnut, so that it can hardly be detected.

To ascend a staircase eighteen feet high requires thirty-six times the force that is required to walk eighteen feet on level ground, and would therefore be equal to a level walk of three hundred and twenty-four feet. So then a person shut up in the house and in need of exercise can walk his mile by going up these stairs, say sixteen times.

NEW USE FOR GYPSUM.—It is said that gypsum, mixed with four per cent. of powdered marshmallow root, will harden in about an hour, and can be sawed or turned, and made into dominoes, dice, etc. With eight per cent. marshmallow the hardness is increased, and allows of its being rolled out into thin plates, and painted or polished.

A CEMENT for covering the joints of ovens, that has been found excellent in practice and does not crack, but becomes very hard, may be made by mixing equal quantities of finely sifted wood ashes and crushed and sifted clay, and adding some salt and sufficient water to form it into a dough, with which the cracks are coated when the oven is cold. If this cement is employed instead of clay in setting new ovens, they will, it is claimed, be almost indestructible.

IT may not be generally known that, when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arm from behind, between the elbow and shoulder, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever struggles he may make will only assist the person holding him in keeping his head above water. A good swimmer can keep a man thus above water for an hour. If seized anywhere else, the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer, and perhaps, as is often the case, both will be drowned.

TO FASTEN LOOSE WINDOW-SASHES.—The most convenient way to prevent loose window-sashes from rattling unpleasantly when the wind blows, is to make four one-sided buttons, of wood, and screw them to the beading which is nailed to the casings of the window, making each button of proper length to press the side of the sash outward when the end of the button is turned down horizontally. The buttons operate like a cam. By having them of the correct length to crowd the stiles of the sash outward against the outer stop of the window-frame, the sash will not only be held so firmly that it cannot rattle, but the crack which admitted dust and a current of cold air will be closed so tightly that no window-strip will be required. The buttons should be placed about half way between the upper and lower end of each sash.

MARK TWAIN'S "DISTRESSING ACCIDENT."

Last evening about six o'clock, as Mr. William Schuyler, an old and respectable citizen of South Park, was leaving his residence to go down town, as has been his usual custom for many years, with the exception only of a short interval in the spring of 1850, during which he was confined to his bed by injuries received in attempting to stop a runaway horse by thoughtlessly placing himself directly in its wake and throwing up his hands and shouting; which, if he had done so even a single moment sooner, must inevitably have frightened the animal still more instead of checking its speed, although disastrous enough to himself as it was, and rendered more melancholy and distressing by reason of the presence of his wife's mother, who was there and saw the occurrence, notwithstanding it is at least likely, though not necessarily so, that she should be reconnoitering in another direction when incidents occur, not being vivacious and on the lookout, as a general thing, but even the reverse, as her own mother is said to have stated, who is no more, but died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection upward of three years ago, aged eighty-six, being a Christian woman without guile, as it were, or property, in consequence of the fire of 1849, which destroyed every solitary thing she had in the world. But such is life. Let us all take warning by this solemn occurrence, and let us endeavor so to conduct ourselves that when we come to die we can do it. Let us place our hands upon our hearts, and say with earnestness and sincerity, that from this day forth we will beware of the intoxicating bowl!

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A SWISS WASHERWOMAN.

The exquisite purity of the homespun Swiss linen is a constant wonder to the American traveler. And yet scarcely a wonder if he chances to see it by the lake side, say at Brienz, on a sunny morning, and watch the proceedings of the little Swiss maiden in a straw hat and black velvet bodice with the silver chains, who is plying her occupation of laundress. She has paddled the boat far out into the lake, and is letting it drift with the current. In the boat beside her is a pile of freshly-washed linen glistening in the sunlight. But its whiteness does not content her. As the boat moves lazily along, each separate piece of linen is thrown into the lake, and trailed slowly through the blue water, blue as ever painted. Still she is not satisfied. She takes perhaps three or four handkerchiefs in her hand at once, and literally throws them overboard, in such a manner that the spectator on the bank cannot but breathe a fervent hope that they may not be his own property. But before he has time to frame his wishes into words, she has caught them again with a dexterous sort of legerdemain, and the process is repeated again and again. And all the while the black velvet-bodiced maiden, with the glittering silver chains and pins, and round white arms, if she be a true Brienz maiden, is singing like a very nightingale.

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ACTIVITY IS NOT ALWAYS ENERGY.

There are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others as well as to themselves. They are industrious, prudent and economical; yet after a long life of striving, old age finds them still poor. They complain of ill-luck. They say fate is always against them. But the fact is that they miscarry because they have mistaken mere activity for energy. Confounding two things essentially different, they have supposed that, if they were always busy, they would be certain to be advancing their fortunes. They have forgotten that misdirected labor is but a waste of activity. The person who would succeed in life is like a marksman firing at a target; if his shots miss the mark they are a waste of powder. So in the great game of life, what a man does must be made to count, or it might almost as well be left undone. Everybody knows some one in the circle of friends, who, although active, has this want of energy. The distemper, if we may call it such, exhibits itself in various ways. In some cases the man has merely an executive faculty, when he should have a directive one; in other language, he makes a capital clerk, for himself, when he ought to do the thinking of the business. In other cases what is done is not done either at the right time or in the right way. Energy, correctly understood, is activity proportioned to the end.

—*Scientific American.*

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LIVE within your means, if you have the means in which to live.

PERSONALITIES.

SALVINI has been married in Florence to an English lady named Miss Lottie Sharp.

EVIDENTLY the Duke of Edinburgh is weary of life, as it is announced that he will take command of one of her Majesty's iron-clads in the Mediterranean early in the spring.

TWO ex-members of the House have lately sought work in the document folding room, in Washington—work which includes the wheeling of mail matter in a barrow to the post office.

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW and Hon. R. C. Winthrop are authorized to receive subscriptions in this country to the Byron memorial fund, which has been started in England for the erection of a public statue of the poet in London. About $10,000 have been subscribed in London.

REVERDY JOHNSON is said to be as vigorous in body and mind as many younger men, save that he is hopelessly blind. Colonel Forney writes of him: "When I hear his pleasant voice and contagious laughter I recall the remark of the old English philosopher, who upon being reminded by a friend that the years of his long life were rapidly drawing to a close, quickly responded: 'Yes, that is true; but jolly good years they were.' "

WHEN Congressman Lamar was returning home at the close of the session of Congress in 1860 a newsboy on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad insisted that he should purchase a book he repeatedly offered him. Annoyed by his pertinacity and anxious to be rid of him, Mr. Lamar said to him, with a wave of his hand, "Oh, pshaw! don't bother me so. I wrote the book." Quick as thought the little fellow answered, "Ah! now I know. That's what makes it so darned hard to sell."

THE fascination American ladies possess for foreigners, remarks the Washington *Star*, is abundantly proved at present by the number of ladies in the diplomatic corps who are natives of our own beloved land. Madame Mariscal, the wife of the Mexican Minister; Madame Dardon, the bride of the Minister from Guatemala, Salvador and Honduras; Madame Baltazzi, the wife of the Turkish Secretary of Legation, and Madame Hegermann, the bride of the Danish Minister, are all handsome and accomplished Americans.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN was mortally afraid of dogs. He wrote one time to an intimate friend at Geneva that he would visit at his house on a certain day. On that day a large and perfectly gentle Newfoundland dog belonging to the family was securely chained up, but the gentle Andersen came not. Weeks afterwards a letter, post-marked Nice, was received from him. "Dear friends," he wrote, "I arrived at your house on the day I stated, but when I got to the gate I saw such a big dog in the yard that I did not dare go in, and so I took the first train to Italy."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S expected visit to Coburg, it is said, has reference to the approaching betrothment of her daughter, the Princess Beatrice, with a German prince. The Princess is the youngest child of the Queen, and the only one of her five daughters who is now unmarried. She was born on the 14th of April, 1857, being now in her nineteenth year, and is represented as being a very accomplished and amiable young lady. Prince Arthur, recently made Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold, the two youngest sons of the Queen, are also unmarried.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—A Just Retribution. New Year's Thoughts. A Last Goodbye. The Secret Feud. Told in the Twilight. A Night Ride. "The Dawn of Peace." Hetty Dean's Choice. Fleeting Fame.

MINNESOTA.—The resident minister from the Argentine Republic to the United States, at Washington, is Senor Don Rafael Garcia. The Foreign Consul of the Argentine Republic at Philadelphia, is Edward Shippen, 532 Walnut Street.

J. C. P.—You are evidently making a mistake by confusing the two Pretenders, who figure in English history. The first who was the hero of the rebellion of 1715, was James, the son of James the Second; and the other, who headed the rebellion of 1745, was Charles Edward, the grandson of the exiled king. You must refer to the latter, we fancy.

ST. ALBERT, (Cambridge, Ohio).—We regret to say that we have not the back numbers of the POST that you wish, viz. for 1872, or even for the first half of that year, nor do we know of any one who has them, and would be willing to part with them. Perhaps some of our readers who read this may be able to help you replace your lost numbers. We will keep your address and will let you know.

OPERATOR.—There are now five, not four, lines of telegraphic communication between Europe and America. 2. Yes, there are ocean cables in the China and Eastern seas; for instance the following: from Singapore to Cochin China; from Saigon to Hong Kong; Hong Kong to Shanghai, Shanghai to Japan. The two longest cables, besides those between Europe and America, are those between Aden and Bombay, 1818 miles, and between St. Vincent and Brazil 1953.

LOUIS L.—The reason why medical men write their prescriptions in Latin, is because they imagine it better for their patients not to know the nature of the drugs they are taking. Many articles which are poisons, are used as medicines, and beneficially so in the hands of a skillful physician; but were a nervous patient to know that he was taking them, the terror which might be produced on him might lead to injurious consequences. In France, we believe there is a law compelling physicians to write all prescriptions in the language of the country.

MAY.—We intend, in a week or two, giving a short article about an Aquarium, and will then give you all the information you want in greater detail than we can in the brief space here allowed us. 2. We would rather not take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising you on the subject of your studying medicine. You say your mother is opposed to it, and as she doubtless has good reasons for thinking you would not succeed, we think you should not need or ask for advice from any one else, much less from strangers like ourselves, who know nothing of you.

E. A. H.—The discussion which you speak of as having taken place in the Literary Society of which you are a member, as to "the relative superiority of man or woman," is utterly idle and foolish. Man and woman are perfect and complete equals. They exactly balance and supplement one another. Each is necessary to the other's existence, happiness and well-being. One is just as great as the other, and just as little; just as wise and just as foolish; just as mean and just as magnanimous. Their spheres of action are different; and they differ in the mode and degree of manifesting their powers; but in the nature and essence of things they are exact equals.

GRANGER.—It is a mistake, a common one, too, to suppose that drinking hard water is injurious to health. The truth is that hard water is not only clearer, colder, more free from air and more agreeable to the taste than soft, but that it is less liable to the absorption of organic matter and to the sustenance of the life of zymotic organism, or to exert solvent properties upon salts of iron or upon leaden conducting pipes. It is said that the lime infused in hard water, exerts a beneficial influence upon the body. A practical test of the truth of this theory is to be had in the case of the residents of mountainous districts, where the water is almost invariably hard, and where the inhabitants exhibit the best physical development. Water containing about six grains of carbonate of lime to the gallon is suitable for use in all household purposes, for such water offers the necessary amount of carbonate of lime for the support of life in the simplest and most digestible form.

IGNORANT.—If ever an American ought to be ashamed to acknowledge that he does not know the history of his country, this year, we think he ought to be more so than ever. We are glad you are not too proud to be ashamed to acknowledge it, and we will gladly help you by our advice to make up for the deficiency in your education in this respect. The number of years over which the history extends is not very great, the divisions and periods are readily marked off, the materials for obtaining information are abundant, and the interesting incidents of every description are unsurpassed by those in the history of any country in the world. We would advise you to begin with some compendious history, like Hale's, Goodrich's, or Willard's School History. Make an outline history for yourself, and then take any period you feel most interested in, and fill up the outline to any extent you desire. You can either begin and go through a chronological study from the earliest period of our history to the present time, or you can read and study, as inclination prompts, about those particular parts of American history which you may think most interesting and valuable. You should by all means read Bancroft's History of the United States.

SOCIABLE.—"We are getting up, or at least talking about getting up costume parties, that is parties where every one has to appear personating some character either taken from history or from books, such as Dickens', Sir Walter Scott's, etc. Can you suggest some good character, and can you also give us some hints as to costumes, etc?" To do the latter would take up too much room in this column, but as the subject would, we are sure, be of very general interest, we will in our next number give an article on Costume Parties. As to suggesting some characters, we find in Dickens' works alone any number of capital ones, as for instance, the four members of the Pickwick Club, with Sam Weller in attendance; Tony Weller and his wife, and the Rev. Mr. Stiggins; Mr. Pecksniff and his two daughters, with Mark Tapley close by; Florence Dombey and Paul; Mr. Carker and Mrs. Skewton; Barnaby Rudge and his mother, with the raven; Dolly Varden and her father Nick; Harold Skimpole and Mr. Turveydrop. Then from Shakespeare, Othello and Desdemona, with Iago at their side; Beatrice and Benedick; Titania and Puck, with Bottom; Ferdinand, Caliban and Miranda; Falstaff, with Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page; Romeo and Juliet; Antony and Cleopatra; King Lear and Cordelia; and Hamlet and Ophelia. Of Historical characters: Elizabeth, with two or three of her courtiers, Leicester, Essex and Raleigh for example; Marie Stuart and Rizzio; Ferdinand and Isabella, accompanied by Columbus; Oliver Cromwell and his daughter Elizabeth; Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, Napoleon and Josephine; John Smith and Pocahontas; Miles Standish, Priscilla and John Alden; Washington and Cornwallis; Major Andre and Benedict Arnold, and many more. An excellent group is composed of Faust, Marguerite and Mephistopheles.

SCHOOL TEACHER.—"What is the Kindergarten system of teaching, and can you explain it to me so that I can understand it? In our out of the way town it is impossible for me to get any information that is satisfactory, and having heard something about it, I am curious to know more?" The Kindergarten system was invented by a German, Frank Froebel, and has been generally introduced in Germany. The principle of it is making the child's play the instrument of its mental and physical development. We all know that fondness of play has always been regarded as an obstruction in the way of instruction, and has been therefore held in check. Froebel taught that "what nature is striving to do in the play of childhood, it is the business of the teacher to take up and foster." His plan is to have the play organized and reduced to some sort of system, arranged with reference to different inherent aptitudes which are constantly exhibited by children in their varied amusement. Thus the instinct for cultivating the soil is common to nearly all children—everybody is a natural-born gardener. This instinct is turned to account in the Kindergarten, where each child learns to take care of its own little garden patch, to dig, to rake, and to water, and then to watch and study the processes of nature in the opening of the buds and blooming of flowers. The same plan is pursued for developing the plastic and artistic instincts of the children. Great stress is laid upon the education of the hands in early years, when the flexibility and aptness of the limbs fit them to be easily trained to facile movements—a matter of equal importance whether the hand in training is in the future to glide over the keys of a piano or wield a pen or plane. The Kindergarten is on all sides designed to meet the formative instincts of the child. Building and shaping are going on in all sorts of material. Miniature houses and utensils are formed of wooden blocks and sticks, while working in paper—folding, cutting, etc.—furnishes an opportunity to practice endless artifices of the hand. In this way the hand and the senses are trained to dexterity and technical skill, which are useful in all departments of life. The subject of Kindergarten schools is attracting more and more attention every day in this country.

MISCELLANEOUS.—G. C.—Authors have nothing to do with selecting or designing the illustrations for their serials. M. K. Q.—In introducing a gentleman to a lady, mention the lady's name first, thus: "Miss Rose, Mr. Thorn."

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*